



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

Almost every Monday during April, May and June we have been told in the daily papers that Rev. So-and-so, preaching in such-and-such a church on the previous day, had condemned those who make a practice of riding bicycles on Sunday. Some of these protests were mildly put; some of them were expressed with sweeping vigor. If the clergymen of this city who have preached against Sunday bicycling will communicate with me and arrange to meet at some central point at any hour that will suit their convenience, next Sunday or the Sunday after, I will undertake to provide the necessary carriages—those who can raise the money can secure all the carriages they want any Sunday in the year—and have them driven on a tour that will, or should, have a fine educational effect. The carriages will, if this fair offer is accepted, start from King and Yonge streets and proceed slowly through the streets lined with the homes of working people, towards the west end of the city. The object in taking the particular route that will be selected will be to allow the clergymen to observe how smells hover about certain sections of the city; how the sun beats down upon houses that enjoy no shade; how fathers and mothers, with their children, loiter about half naked and perspiring on doorways and in open windows; how men and women, possessing souls, but no Sunday clothes, are entirely ignored by the existing system of society, neither going to church nor being permitted to go anywhere else. I shall not intrude a word upon my guests, but leave them to draw their own deductions, believing as I do that pastors who have spent Sunday in one way for years would be startled by a view of the Sunday life that has developed in this city, all unknown to them. After viewing the congested districts we shall drive out to High Park, and if my guests will keep secret the fact that they are going on such a trip I can promise them some mighty surprises. If the day is fine they will probably find nearly two thousand bicycles in the Park—coming and going, winding in and out, piled in heaps beneath the trees, reclining in pairs in shady corners. Their first surprise will be occasioned by the number of people who, having wheels, rush from the city to the Park. There they will be surprised to see fathers, mothers and children riding in family groups and to note the unmistakable respectability of most of those who form the crowd. But their greatest surprise will come when they begin to recognize prominent members of their own churches—men and women who will have been at church that morning and will be there again in the evening. They will recognize dozens and scores of young men and women who used to attend church, but are seldom seen there now. They will blame this on the bicycle, but some of them will go to the root of the matter and reason it out from the beginning, and will admit that the attitude of the churches on the Sunday question was well calculated to repel these church-goers. The dispute over a non-essential drove these people forth churchless, and when the pastors of the city see these people face to face some of them will at once realize their responsibility.

The advantage of the drive here proposed would be that it would show the pastors the magnitude of the "Sunday bicycle habit," against which they are making ineffectual war. They will see that old arguments won't answer, for the premises are new. It is not now a question of all stay at home or all take the street cars on Sunday, but it is now a question of whether all the sons and daughters of the city shall go where they like on Sunday and all the old folks stay at home.

No man, not even a pastor, is competent to form an opinion upon the Sunday car question, which I see is being revived, unless he goes out and sees the city as it is and the suburbs as they are on Sunday. Without going to High Park and other places of a Sunday, no man can know how the people of this city to the number of ten or fifteen thousand have, one by one, solved the Sunday transit question without noise of any kind and free of all restrictive legislation. Having on recent Sundays visited all the parks immediately surrounding the city, I declare with all sincerity and earnestness that it is my opinion that seventy-five per cent. of the pastors of Toronto would, if they were to make the same tour, conclude that the running of street cars to the parks was now a necessity to good order and high morality. It is right to avoid the very appearance of evil, but it is well to reflect that some evils, both in appearance and in fact, are greater than others. Since last summer the Toronto Sunday has been entirely revolutionized in so far as at least ten thousand of its citizens are concerned. The pastor who views life from behind his pulpit only sees very little of it; he sees the part that has been made ready for his inspection. Before he declares in favor of preserving Sunday as it is, let him go out and see what it is that he would preserve; whether he is really preserving it; whether it is slipping away from him, changing beyond recognition and turning into something the final form of which no man can predict.

Why should pastors oppose the inevitable and antagonize thousands of people who by early training and bent of mind are suited to become in time good Christian men and women? The bicycle might as well be welcomed with open arms. It will carry a man to church as well as anywhere else. It will carry its owners somewhere on Sunday, and the pastor who

keeps up the fight may depend upon it that he is repelling bicyclists who by choice would put themselves under his influence. No man who has the benefit of an education, no man who has read much, traveled much or observed much, can very well expect that the opposition to Sunday cars in Toronto will be successful. From the start, opposition could only be expected to retard the development for two or three years. Why, then, should so many of our pastors fight the inevitable and lose some of their influence for good in the world? Is it not manifest that it would be wiser to place guiding hands upon the car of progress than to get vainly crushed under its wheels and have it then run mad?

allists into what was then a wilderness; which, when Great Britain was fighting for the safety of Europe against Napoleon, came with excessive numbers to destroy the scattered villages of Canada; which encouraged our domestic rebellion of '37, and nursed the Fenian movement that grew into the raids of '67—that Republic whose Senators and Congressmen have been threatening us with armed invasion for a hundred years. But the text books in our schools are remarkably free from misrepresentation. Whatever fault a United States citizen might find with the views held by the average Canadian as regards the history of his country, at least he would be forced to admit that the Canadian knows the

and Empire published, almost every day, extracts from editorials printed in New York and Chicago papers, stating that the success of the Liberals would be hailed with delight in the United States. To those of us who know how newspapermen acquire information, it is not surprising that editors on the other side of the line should write confidently that the Liberals are the supporters of annexation in this country. They were so described by our own press five years ago, and the slander came echoing back during the recent campaign. Even the London papers—and the editors of London have the habit of consulting authorities in cases where editors over here would depend entirely upon imagination—speak of the result of the elec-

empire has surely been brought decidedly nearer by the victory of a party that claims to fashion its fiscal policy so far as may be after the English model.

The Hamilton *Herald* came out the other day with a strong editorial argument against the suggestion that the Liberal Government should cancel appointments made by the Conservative Government during or after the last session of Parliament. The Hamilton paper contends that while appointments made after the elections may reasonably be set aside by the Liberal Government, it would be malignant partisanship to go back and cancel appointments made before the 23rd of June. There is a tendency in various directions to weaken and recede from the high ground occupied by so many newspapers and public men during the election campaign, yet I am sure thousands of good citizens of this country are not prepared to allow matters that were a month ago considered of prime importance, to be now diminished in consequence until they disappear from sight. When Sir Richard Cartwright on the floor of the House warned such Members of Parliament as contemplated a defiance of their constituents in the hope of being rewarded with office, that in the event of a Liberal government being returned to power they would be deprived of office, he not only uttered a threat to the men in question, but he made a promise which at once caught the attention of that great body of electors who have for years viewed with much alarm the practice in the Dominion House and in the Ontario Assembly, of dangling offices before the eyes of Members of Parliament. He made a promise on behalf of the Liberal party, and a strong public opinion demands a fulfillment of that promise.

It is absolutely certain that several Members of Parliament were induced to vote with the Government during last session in defiance of the merits of the cause and of the sentiment of their constituents, by promise of public office. That this sort of thing has been done before does not justify it. This evil, if allowed to go unchecked, will prove perverse of representative government, for it turns the treasury of the country against the people of the country, so that the people's money overcomes the people's wishes. The Member of Parliament who would vote against the sentiments of his constituents in consideration of receiving ten thousand dollars in cash, would be instantly recognized as a corrupt person, but up to this moment no one has succeeded in showing that a bribe is not a bribe when it takes some form other than spot cash.

The question is not one of party politics, malignant or otherwise, but a question of common honesty in which is involved the independence and cleanliness of our House of Parliament. If the opinion of the country is to be ascertained on public questions as they arise between election and election, by the votes of the people's representatives in Parliament—and if Members of Parliament do not serve this purpose, what purpose do they serve?—it follows that the Members must be unbribed by promise of office. If they can be so bribed; if they sell out their own honor and the trust reposed in them; if they get the offices for which they traded their own honor and the trust reposed in them, and are allowed to keep those offices after the country has repudiated the Government that sought by the corruption of representatives to overcome the will of the majority, it shows that the leaders of both political parties are winking at the perversion of representative government and the pollution of Parliament.

If the Laurier Administration declines to drive these men from cover, the failure to do so must be ascribed to a fear that the appointive power of the new Government may also, in case of party need, be put to like use. If these men are not dismissed, if their appointments are not investigated by a Commission, the buying and selling of Parliamentary representatives will become an established traffic. The trade has already been a flourishing one, and the only way to put an end to it is to carry out the programme announced by Sir Richard Cartwright in Parliament. Public opinion will not permit this matter to be hushed up, however willing active politicians may be to let the matter drop. There are a great many people in this Dominion who are not playing the game of politics for what there is in it, and these demand some consideration. I think that most of these are prepared to insist that the men who, in a parliamentary crisis, voted, not on the merits of the points at issue, but bought appointments to office by voting as they were told, should now be expelled. Who are these men? Let every man who stepped from Parliament into a lucrative office be summoned before a Commission can his case investigated.

When Cleveland was first elected President of the United States his platform was civil service reform, and he at once proceeded to dismiss from office all Republicans who were "offensive partisans," and to assure all those who were competent officials that they would not be disturbed. There is a patriotic fear in many a Conservative heart that Mr. Laurier will introduce "the spoils system" into Canada. It is the firm opinion of all present office-holders that it would be a sad day for Canada if the new Premier should prove such a "malignant" party man as to discharge a man from office because of his political convictions. This sounds well, but yet for years and years the



"LOCKED OUT."

From the painting by Miss A. G. Brown, Royal Academy.

The effective thing to do is to allow the people who want cars on Sunday to have them—disarm them by acquiescence, for they will have them at all events—and center all endeavor upon so regulating the service that it will do the greatest possible good with the least possible harm.

It is announced that Rev. Dr. McTavish, Rev. W. Frizzell, Rev. W. G. Wallace and Rev. J. McP. Scott left this week for a tour of Europe. They will no doubt be on the Atlantic next Sunday, and before going away on this pleasant vacation it is to be hoped that they left word that they did not object to other people going to Victoria or High Park next Sunday.

In the public schools of Canada an honest attempt is made to instruct our children in the history and geography of the United States. Without going much out of our way we could instill in the minds of school children a deep prejudice against that Republic which, after the Revolution, drove the United Empire Loy-

geography of that country as well as does the native. But the history, geography and present status of Canada are not known to the average citizen of the United States, and it seems the people of the Republic are making very little progress towards a familiar knowledge of us. They rush ahead with their own affairs, most of their content to think that Canada is a great ice-bound wilderness owned and despotically ruled by Great Britain. They make no progress towards realizing that our climate is that of New England, while we govern ourselves entirely from within, save in certain particulars which involve on our part an expenditure of courtesy and nothing else. This is true, for the salary paid our Governor-General would be paid to some corresponding official under any form of government that could be substituted.

The newspaper editors of the United States seem fully persuaded that the victory of the Liberal party in this country is "an advance of Americanism." Before the election *The Mail*

tions as in some way interposing a check to "the imperial idea." From London, too, the old slander still echoes back. The proposed Imperial Zollverein is said to have been killed before it was born, by the victory of Laurier over Tupper, just as if the most intensely Liberal government that Canada could possibly elect would not be readier to adopt a scheme involving Protection than the most intensely Tory government that Great Britain has seen for thirty years. For eighteen years the Conservative leaders here have talked loyalty and imposed higher and ever higher taxes on British goods; while the Liberals have argued that loyalty did not consist of a vocal exercise, but was an inward condition of mind and heart with which discrimination against British goods was inconsistent. The Liberal leaders follow, though at some distance and rather irresolutely, the free trade principles of England; the Conservative leaders follow, with flag flying, closely and resolutely the high tariff principles of the United States. The possibility of arranging a uniform trade policy within the



office-holding class have taken a wholly unwarranted prominence in party politics. They have been "offensive partisans." They have been the servants, not of the nation, but of the party in power, and it would be only a fair game to let them walk out with their leaders, whom they served so thoroughly and so long. While they won they took their profits; now that they have lost they should "whack up." But perhaps they have had a lesson that is sufficient. It is not likely that office-holders will be quite so prominent hereafter in politics, and they may be willing to stand a little more in the shadow and allow the unofficial multitude to be seen at election times. If this reform has been accomplished it will be a good thing for the country.

The Liberals have to live up to a higher standard than their opponents, for they have been professing a sensitive morality for years. They must accomplish reforms or meet with the quick and sure disapproval of many who voted for Liberal candidates this time but would welcome any excuse for leaving them at the first bend in the road. MACK.

#### Social and Personal.

DOMINION Day was celebrated all over Canada this year by games and races of every kind. It was the sporting day of the year. Perhaps foremost in interest was the C. W. A. meet down in Quebec, where, according to telegraphic reports, they had a great day. Haulan, it seems, defeated the giant Hackett. In a sculling match at Rat Portage, a bit of news that greatly pleased the people of Toronto, although it apparently rubs off the slate the name of an oarsman who was generally expected to get the world's championship. A three days' summer trotting meet was begun on the holiday at Hamilton by the Jockey Club of that town. Excursion trains crowded far beyond the point of comfort, and boats similarly crowded, ran in all directions from the city, and with each train and boat went ball clubs, lacrosse clubs, cricket clubs and bicycle clubs to compete with other clubs in various towns and villages.

A member of our staff was up west on the holiday and was impressed with the difference between the Teuton and the Anglo-Saxon pleasure-seeker. At Berlin a lot of German visitors were given a send-off by their compatriots and it consisted of a regular song-fest. The platform was crowded with men who sang a fine melodious air, which, when completed, was responded to in kind by those who were going away. These people had spent the day, not in field sports, but in a convivial indoor way, and certainly the singing which closed the holiday was fine to hear. At Brampton there was another large crowd, this time of Anglo-Saxon origin, and instead of singing there were loud cries, runnings to and fro, cheers, enquiries as to what was the matter with the Ramblers, and uproarious assurances that they were all right, and that the Queen City Club was all right and every other club was all right. These were bicycle riders who had been out in the sun all day racing and struggling with each other in the way so dear to the heart of the Britisher. But in the off-goings of the two crowds it must be said that the fine singing of the old German songs at Berlin quite surpassed the aimless hilarity at the Brampton depot. What we want in Canada is a couple of good sporting songs that could be used on such occasions as this.

A birthday of the Dominion was never more happily spent than by the party of jolly Toronto people who went by private cars to Penetanguishene on Tuesday on the invitation of the citizens of the town and the owners of that superb hotel, the Hotel Penetanguishene. The party was headed by His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Kirkpatrick and included Sir Frank Smith, Mr. Bruce McDonald, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Mr. Henry Gooderham, Mrs. Arthur, Mr. Frank Cayley, Miss Emma B. Cayley, Miss M. Skeaff, Mr. John Paton, Mr. C. A. Pilon, Lieut.-Col. Mason, Hon. L. Melvin Jones, Capt. and Mrs. J. Forbes Michie, Miss Effie Michie, Capt. Law, Major, Mrs. and Master Cosby, Lieut.-Col. Buchanan, Capt. D. M. Robertson, Mr. and Miss Nairn, Mrs. F. W. Archibald, Mr. and Mrs. Ward of Port Hope, Mr. E. Strachan Cox, Miss Cox, Miss McTavish, Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mr. W. B. Hamilton, Dr. Thorburn and others. The visitors enjoyed as pleasant an excursion as could be conceived. An illumination of the grounds of the Hotel Penetanguishene and the strains of God Save the Queen from the orchestra of the Grand greeted the guests on their arrival on the chartered steamer which had brought them from the town, and an evening of festivities followed. On Thursday a trip was made through the romantic Penetang Bay, with its thirty thousand islands and its wealth of scenery and traditions of centuries. The remains of the old warships which were sunk in 1812, to keep them out of the hands of the enemy; Magazine Island, with its old black-house fast falling into decay; the memorial church erected to the memory of Fathers Brebeuf and Lallemand, who were killed by the Iroquois Indians when that tribe was the enemy of the whites, and the picturesque encampments of the pitiable remnants of the red men, were all viewed with greatest interest by the visitors, and His Honor remarked, in reply to a toast at the banquet later, that he hoped to be able soon again to enjoy the beauties of the bay and the hospitality of Penetanguishene. Mr. E. Strachan Cox, for the assembled company, returned thanks to Mrs. Patterson, the hostess, and the toast was heartily received. A number of well known people are already at the hotel for the summer.

From the special despatch sent to the daily papers it is quite clear that the celebration of Dominion Day in London, Eng., was, as I last week predicted it would be, an affair that surpassed all precedent. Sir Donald and Lady Smith probably decided to make their tenure of office in London, which owing to the recent political upheaval here at home may be very brief, somewhat more brilliant than usual. At all events a fine reception was held in the Imperial Institute in the afternoon by the High Commissioner and Lady Smith. Among the five

hundred visitors were: Marquis of Lorne, Earl and Countess of Selborne, Marquis and Marchioness of Lansdowne, Marquis and Marchioness of Ripon, Lord and Lady Herschell, Lord and Lady Playfair, Lord and Lady MacNaghten, Marquis and Marchioness of Breadalbane, Lord and Lady Rayleigh, Lord and Lady Russell of Killowen, Marquis and Marchioness of Lothian, Lord Haddo, Lord and Lady Balfour and Burleigh, Earl and Countess of Lichfield, Earl and Countess of Jersey and the Ladies Villiers, Lord and Lady Knutsford, Earl and Countess of Derby and Lady Isabel Hanley, Right Hon. Joseph and Mrs. Chamberlain, Right Hon. George J. and Mrs. Goschen, Sir John and Lady Lubbock, Sir William and Lady Dawson, Rev. Principal Grant, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Arthur and Lady Haliburton, Sir Frederick Abell, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blake, Professor and Mrs. Peterson, Sir Francis and Lady De Winton, Lady Tupper, Miss Tupper and Mr. Tupper, Judge and Mrs. MacMahon, Judge and Mrs. Gwynne, the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Newcombe, Mr. and Mrs. James Ross, Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Sperling, Miss Alice and Miss Lillie Robson, Miss Beatrice Hamilton, Mr. A. F. Gault. The real celebration of Dominion Day, however, occurred when the annual banquet was held in the evening at the Westminster Palace Hotel. This dinner quite surpassed any held in previous years, covers being laid for one hundred and eighty-five guests. Sir Donald Smith was in the chair, and was supported by the Marquis of Lorne, the Earl of Selborne, Lord Welby, Sir Stafford Northcote, M.P., Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., Sir Albert Rolit, M.P., Sir Francis De Winton, Admiral Field, M.P., Sir Frederick Abel, Lieut.-General Laurie, M.P., the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Principal Grant, Dr. W. Peterson, Sir Henry Edwards, Mr. Sandford Fleming, Col. Ivor Herbert, Capt. Kirkpatrick, Capt. Ogilvie, Mr. E. L. Newcombe, Q.C., Mr. L. J. Seargeant, Mr. W. H. Beatty, Mr. James Ross, Mr. C. R. Hosmer, Mr. William Mackenzie, Mr. Alexander Lang, Mr. A. F. Gault, Mr. Thomas Skinner, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Sperling, Mr. Joseph Wrigley, Mr. John Huddart, Col. Cotton, Mr. S. A. Alexander, Mr. Peter Byrne, Mr. John Howard, Mr. Forbes Vernon, Mr. J. C. Colmer and the staff of the High Commissioner's office.

The Canadian championship tennis tournament at Niagara-on-the-Lake is now attracting fashionable attention, for the charms of tournament week at the Queen's Royal are famed far and wide. The beautiful turf courts, probably the finest in America, have never been in better shape, and the long stretch of smooth and true rich velvet sward is a delight to the eye. While all the male cranks of the United States will take part in the All Comers for the Canadian championships, particular interest attaches to the ladies' event, and for the first time the best feminine players of America will meet representative Canadian ladies across the nets. Miss Bessie Moore, who recently won the U. S. championship, and Miss Juliette Atkinson, the ex-champion whom Miss Moore defeated, will be at Niagara ready to renew their battles, while the three Mrs. Smiths of Canada will also, it is expected, be present. The three leading ladies in Canadian tennis are all Mrs. Smith, being: Mrs. Sydney Smith of Ottawa, the champion; Mrs. Eustace Smith of Weston, so well known as Miss Maud Osborne, and Mrs. C. J. Smith of Ottawa, who has lately come out from England. The festivities in connection with the tournament look especially attractive, as an excellent concert is promised for Wednesday, a tennis cotillion to be led by Mr. Chauncey M. Depew, Jr., of Buffalo, for Thursday, a musicale and a tournament ball for the other two evenings.

A pretty and fashionable wedding took place at 12.30 on Tuesday afternoon at Riverview, Welland, the residence of Mrs. M. A. Eastman, the bride's mother, when her youngest daughter, Alice Maud, was united in marriage to Mr. Frank W. Bradwin of Hamilton. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. John Eastman, and the Wedding Bells March was played by Miss Wycott of Picton as the bridal party filed into the room. The nuptial knot was tied by Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor of Centenary Methodist church, Hamilton, assisted by Rev. J. Parker Bell of Fenwick. The interesting ceremony was performed in the presence of about one hundred invited guests. The house was tastefully decorated with a large variety of plants and flowers, among which roses and smilax abounded, producing a very pleasing effect. The bride wore a becoming dress of heavy brocade duchess satin, trimmed with chiffon and pearls. Her bridesmaids wore her sister, Miss Lizzie Eastman, who wore a dress of cream silk Laundowne trimmed with chiffon and satin ribbon, and Miss Topp, who wore a dress of cream Sicilienne trimmed with silk and lace. The groom was ably supported by his brother, Mr. A. E. Bradwin, editor of the Blyth Standard, and Mr. Frank Misner, ex-reeve of Wainfleet. The groom's present to the bride was a superb silver tea service, and to each of the bridesmaids he gave a fancy stick pin set with pearls. Master Lollie McLellan acted as page, and the Misses Overholt performed the part of flower girls with charming simplicity. The guests sat down to a sumptuous luncheon, which was spread in a large *marquee* on the lawn. The usual toasts to the bride and bridegroom were proposed, when many congratulatory words were spoken, while the numerous presents to the bride spoke volumes of the popularity and esteem in which she is held by a large circle of friends. Amid showers of rice and with many a hearty God-speed the happy couple left by the Grand Trunk evening train on an extended tour to some of the principal cities of the East.

Arkinshaw, the home of Mrs. Thomas Gilbert, Dundas street, Toronto Junction, was the scene of a pretty wedding Saturday afternoon, June 27, the principals being Annie, Mrs. Gilbert's eldest daughter, and Mr. W. A. Baird. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock by Rev. L. W. Hill, pastor of the Annette street Methodist church, in the presence of a number of relatives and friends of the family. The bride was attired in cream silk trimmed with chiffon and pearls, her sister, Miss Sarah Gilbert, wearing organdie muslin over pale blue. The bride and bridesmaid carried bouquets of

cream and pink roses respectively. The bride's little sister, Irene, and Mayor Clendenan's little daughter Jennie were dainty little maids of honor, in dresses of white dotted muslin and carrying bouquets of sweet peas, and the bride's little brothers, Robbie and Bert, were pages. Mr. A. W. Law was best man. Mrs. Gilbert was dressed in black silk trimmed with mauve covered with jets. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. James Gilbert. After luncheon the bride and groom left to spend their honeymoon amid the Muskoka lakes and at Peninsula Park.

Miss Nellie Berryman, who has been associate teacher in the Conservatory School of Elocution, has been appointed assistant principal of that school and will assist Mr. H. N. Shaw in the direction of it. In this connection it might be said that two of this year's graduates have secured positions as teachers in elocution and physical culture, Miss Blanch Lehigh in the Halifax Ladies' College, and Miss Gertrude Trotter in Moulton Ladies' College in this city.

Mr. P. A. McArthur, editor of New York *Truth*, was in the city this week calling upon his many friends. He has spent a week at Niagara and will return there for Sunday, leaving the next morning to resume his editorial duties. *Truth* has gone rapidly to the front as a comic paper since Mr. McArthur took charge of it and made it a paper that could enter the home as well as the club.

A very pleasant event took place at Summit Cottage, Humber Bay, on Dominion Day, when a farewell garden party and reception was tendered to Dr. R. H. Somers by his brothers and sisters. There were over one hundred of the doctor's relatives and friends present to pay their respects and say good-bye to the genial "Bob." The doctor, who is a son of Mr. Frank Somers of this city, recently graduated in medicine from the University of Toronto, and he leaves on Saturday for the State of Iowa for the purpose of following up his profession. Every one of Dr. Somers' friends and acquaintances joins in the hope that in the land of his adoption he may meet with much happiness and prosperity.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Boulter have returned from their wedding trip. Mrs. Boulter will receive at 16 Amelia street on Tuesday and Thursday of next week.

Professor and Mrs. Clark of Trinity College gave a delightful luncheon at their residence on Crawford street last Saturday, being "Convocation Day" at Trinity College. Among those present were: the Minister of Education and Mrs. Ross, the President of the University of Toronto and Mrs. London, Rev. Dr. Jones of Trinity College, Dr. Parkin and Prof. and Mrs. Mavor.

#### Niagara-on-the-Lake.

Mr. E. Wyly Grier, who has been down in Kingston for the past two weeks, returned last Saturday.

Professor and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, who have been stopping at the Queen's Royal, returned to Toronto on Tuesday evening.

Mr. Allan Anderson of St. Catharines was among last Sunday's visitors in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. George Warren, Capt. and Mrs. Weir Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Harman, Dr. and Mrs. James Baldwin and Mr. and Mrs. T. Ince have the cottages on the river bank this summer.

Miss Birdie Warren, who won the gold bracelet at Miss Dupont's school this year, arrived home for the holidays on Friday last week.

The Misses Dupont are the guests of Mrs. George Warren.

Mr. Walter Kingsmill and Mr. Herbert Syer, Royal Military College cadets, are home for the holidays.

Miss Herchermer is the guest of Mrs. Robert Ball.

Miss Constance Hewgill of St. Louis and Miss Mary Hewgill of New York will spend the summer with Mrs. E. Hewgill of Willow Cottage.

Miss E. Lyne has left for a month's visit among friends in Collingwood.

Miss Molesworth is stopping with Miss Fell. Judge Lewis and family, of Buffalo, will occupy Mrs. Bemis's pretty place, Gable House, this summer.

Miss Sage is spending a few days in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. O'Reilly and the Misses Homer-Dixon.

Mr. and Mrs. Mullens spent last Sunday at the Queen's.

Professor Ramsay Wright and Mr. P. D. Cramer of Hamilton have been familiar figures on the golf links during the past week or two. Mr. Cramer returned home on Wednesday.

Miss Mabel Ince arrived on Friday of last week. According to rumor she and Miss Ogilvie of Buffalo, who very recently returned from Scotland and will spend the summer here, will be great acquisitions to the golf club.

Miss Jessie Kingsmill is at home for the holidays.

Mrs. J. L. Crosshaite of Hodge avenue, Buffalo, has rented Mr. H. Garrett's cottage, near the Queen's, for the season.

According to the new condition of affairs the hops at the Queen's this summer will be much more select, less crowded, and consequently far more enjoyable. Formerly invitations were sent at the beginning of the season to all the residents of the town, to the guests of other hotels and to the cottagers. This year a limited number of invitations have been sent out, accompanied by a printed card which reads as follows: "We have the honor to notify you that the first hop of the season will be held in the ball-room of the Queen's Royal Hotel on Saturday evening, June 27. Hops will be held regularly during the season every Saturday, while during the greater part of July and August the orchestra will be in attendance in the ball-room every evening. It has been intimated to us that a number of the residents of the town, in view of the crowded state of the ball-room at times in the past, would prefer that a charge should be made for those living outside of the hotel, and that only a limited number be invited to subscribe. In deference to this wish, and desiring to assure the comfort of our guests and of

those summer residents who wish to attend the dances, we would invite you to become a subscriber to the hops, in case you desire to do so. The prices are as follows: Single invitation, one evening, fifty cents; season invitation card, one person, three dollars; for families of three or four, season invitation card for each member, two dollars. These cards will not include admission to the concerts and dances of the two tournament weeks, July 13 and August 23. Cards may be obtained at the hotel office." This, naturally, will make a great difference in the attendance, much to the comfort and enjoyment of the guests of the hotel, and the subscribers.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Gooderham of Toronto registered at the Queen's last Saturday.

Mr. D. B. Dick, Mr. D. MacDonald and Mr. A. N. McDonald are recent arrivals at the Queen's.

Miss Daisy Ince arrived Thursday of last week.

Some of those who have registered at the Queen's within the past week are: Mr. Geo. L. Weiss of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. and Mrs. J. Black, Mrs. Camp of Buffalo, Mrs. Cox of Brooklyn, Mr. Paul Camp of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hepton of London, Miss C. C. Portington of Buffalo, Mr. W. P. Walton of New York, Mr. R. J. Gardner and ladies of Buffalo, Mr. A. E. Snider of Buffalo, Dr. and Mrs. Yates of Montreal, Mr. Frank Lawson of London, England.

Every affair, no matter of what description, undertaken by the Ladies' Guild of St. Mark's church is a grand success. The annual festival held in the park Thursday of last week was no exception—in fact, the result most pleasantly exceeded even the highest hopes. There was the usual fancy table, more attractive than ordinarily, under the management of Mrs. J. C. Garrett and Miss Constance Hewgill. Adjoining this was a novel affair called a cherry pie—much on the principle of a fish pond—in charge of Miss Arnold and Miss Geale. A little down the hill a pretty booth in white and crimson was shared by the lemonade and flowers. The former was in charge of Mrs. Perry and Mrs. Farbrace Winthrop, assisted by Miss E. Fleischmann as Rebecca, and Miss Ethel Dickson, a blue-eyed, dimple-cheeked little lady, who looked very pretty in a white dotted muslin frock, and wide white hat. The flower table, which even without the elaborate and pretty decorations surrounding it must have been beautiful with its masses of exquisite blossoms, was in charge of Miss Beaven and Mrs. Percy Beale. Across the front of this booth were draped the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack, fastened in the center with a large "Peace" in white and crimson letters. The tea-tables, one pink and one yellow, temptingly arranged under the shaded trees to be found, were in charge of Mrs. F. Morson, assisted by Miss L. Manifold, Mrs. Best, Miss Waters, Mrs. Reid, Mrs. Ellison and others. The candy booth, which was supplied by Mrs. Henry Garrett and Mrs. Charles Hunter with the most delicious home-made confections, was undertaken by the King's Daughters, represented by Miss Fizzette, Miss Manifold, Mrs. A. Servos and Miss Walker, who succeeded in making their tent one of the most finished-looking and attractive on the ground. It was very prettily decorated in purple and white, the colors of the Society, with a large Maltese cross over the front. At the strawberry and ice-cream table, gay in red, white and blue, and seemingly one of the most attractive spots possible, were Mrs. Frank Gosling, Mrs. H. Garrett, Miss Best, Miss Mary Hewgill, Mrs. and Miss Thompson. Nothing, however, was so patronized or so constantly surrounded as the little pavilion in the center of the Park, where Mrs. Gus Fleischmann managed a splendid large graphophone, which she kindly lent for the occasion. As for nearly two hours she realized fifty-five cents every two minutes, a very good idea can be gained of what her labor and kindness added to the funds, to say nothing of the unflinching demand upon her patience and good nature. At the conclusion of the evening, Rev. J. C. Garrett, rector of St. Mark's, called for a vote of thanks and three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Fleischmann, which were very heartily given. Nearly two hundred dollars was taken in at the different booths during the afternoon and evening. Among the many present were the following: Capt. Beale, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. J. Lewis, Miss Zulu Buchanan, Miss Paffard, Miss Harman, Mrs. and Miss Dickson, Miss Lyne, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hunter, Miss M. Beaven, Mrs. Macrae, Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie, Miss Ogilvie, Mrs. Altman, Mr. and Mrs. C. Ball, Mrs. Watts Lansing, Miss Winnett, Mrs. Kirby, Mrs. Sage, Rev. N. Smith, Mr. Leslie Nelles, Mr. H. Garrett, Miss Gosling, Mrs. Davidson, Miss Molesworth, Miss Fell, Mr. Winthrop, Mr. Boughton, Miss Rogers, Miss Burnham, Mr. Lawder, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Geddes, Mrs. Alma, Miss Alma, Mrs. Hewgill, Miss Evans and Miss Smith.

A party of twelve or fifteen drove up to Virgil on Friday, June 26, to attend the second confirmation which Bishop DuMoulin has held since his consecration. The first was at St. George's church, St. Catharines, on Thursday evening, the second at St. John's, Virgil, a pretty little red brick church which has only been built a year, and is one of three missions under Rev. S. Woodroffe of Homer. The service, which was the first confirmation service held in the church, was a very hearty one, the Bishop delivering an address as eloquent as it was earnest. He was accompanied by his son, Rev. F. DuMoulin, who accompanied him, the candidates being presented by the rector of the church.

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## Social and Personal.

At Kingston, on Wednesday of last week, was celebrated the marriage of Miss Agnes M. Massie, B.A., eldest daughter of Vet. Capt. J. Massie, Royal Canadian Artillery, to Mr. John A. Cooper, LL.B., of Toronto, editor of the *Canadian Magazine* and secretary of the Canadian Press Association. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. W. Richardson at the residence of the bride's parents, the couple standing under a bell of smilax and daisies. The bride was dressed in white muslin. Miss Edith Massie, sister of the bride, and Miss Johnston of Montreal, were bridesmaids, the former dressed in yellow organdie muslin and the latter in a mauve gown of the same material. Mr. W. H. Moore of Toronto acted as best man. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a gold chain and watch, beautifully engraved and set with diamonds, and the bridesmaids received opal rings. Miss Savage of Lowell, Mass., presided at the piano and played the Wedding March. After the ceremony the guests sat down to dinner and later the happy couple left by train for Quebec.

Miss Hare, B.A., is spending the vacation at her home, 20 Carlton street.

The commencement exercises of Demill College were held in the Normal School on Friday of last week. The degree of Mistress of English Literature was conferred on Miss Rosetta Hibner of Berlin. Diplomas were presented to the following: Piano, Miss Hibner and Miss Alma Estelle Lucas of Mascon; elocution, Miss Nellie Mosgrove Gunn of New York and Miss Maud Hurd Lane of Winnipeg; art, Miss Maggie Fraser of Toronto.

Miss Shenstone of Carlton street leaves on Monday to spend the summer in Detroit and Mackinaw.

The engagement is announced in Detroit of Miss Lillian Macfarlane, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Maurice Macfarlane, to Mr. Samuel Wells, jr., of Boston.

Mrs. Macfarlane's many friends will be glad to hear of her recovery from a long and serious illness.

Mrs. Will Vale and Mrs. Wallace Millicamp of Howard street are in Cobourg, and intend visiting friends in Kingston and Montreal before returning home.

By boat and train cyclists have been leaving Toronto in scattered parties for the past ten days in order to be at Quebec for the great bicycle meet. Lady Gay has gone down to represent SATURDAY NIGHT and next week we shall have an account of the "doings" in the ancient city.

Mrs. G. R. Baker of Rose avenue is spending a few weeks in Muskoka.

Mr. J. D. Bailey of Ryrie Bros. officiated as one of the scorers at the meet in Quebec this week, and intends returning home by way of Boston and New York.

Miss Edith Moyer of Berlin was in town to attend the commencement exercises of Demill College on Friday evening of last week.

Mr. Harry A. Brown, formerly of Toronto, writes a friend here saying that he is at present roughing it on the sheep ranch of a relative in Texas. When he wrote the thermometer registered 102° in the shade. It was Sunday, and an off day, so that there would be no horseback riding until evening, when he would require to ride at a "long, keen lope" from five to eight p.m. Mr. Brown has had his first experience with a bucking bronco and lives to tell of it. There are five Canadians on that ranch, they get SATURDAY NIGHT every week, and on the 21st of May at noon they drank the Queen's health in wild grape wine.

A garden party was given by Major Lessard and Mr. Pearce at Stanley Barracks on Thursday, June 25. The invitation cards mentioned bicycling, boating, tennis and croquet, all of which amusements were much enjoyed by the many guests, who evidently appreciated this novel idea of their hosts. The barracks, being situated on the lake, make this informal style of entertainment particularly attractive. Mrs. Buchanan made, as might be expected, a charming chaperone. Among those present were: Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Bishop Lewis, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Street, Miss Gzowski, the Misses Homer Dixon, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Miss Beardmore, Mrs. and Miss Arthurs, Miss Dawson, Miss Cawthra, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, Messrs. James, Alfred Beardmore, Victor Cawthra, Thomas Bickford, McInnes, Wyatt, and many others.

Mr. J. Black of Chatham High School, Miss S. Black and Miss M. Black of Sackville street school, left for the Spartan last Thursday for a holiday in Quebec.

Mr. Carl Ahrens, A.R.C.A., Mrs. Ahrens and family, and Miss Eleanor Douglas are at Southampton for the summer, and will take up residence in Chicago in the fall.

Miss Addie Stanley was married last Saturday at her mother's residence, 39 Wood street, to Mr. W. B. Hamilton of Toronto, Rev. Samuel Dempster of the First Reformed Presbyterian church officiating. After partaking of breakfast and receiving the hearty congratulations of their relatives and many intimate friends, the happy couple left for a Western tour.

The new club-house of the R.C.Y.C., which has apparently been at a standstill for some little time, will be completed in about two weeks, when something very pleasant in the way of opening ceremonies is promised.

A very pretty wedding took place in St. James' church, Dundas, on Wednesday, June 24, when Mr. George V. Wade of Oswego, N. Y., was married by Rev. E. A. Irving to Miss Mary J. Hardy, daughter of Mr. William Hardy. Before the appointed hour the church was well filled with friends, the ushers being Mr. Walter H. Bates of Hamilton and Mr. E. H. Birkin of Tamworth, Eng., cousins of the groom and bride. At 4.30 the bride, carrying a beautiful bouquet of white roses and leaning on the arm of her father, who gave her away,

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marched up the aisle to the chancel. The bride was attired in a gown of cream satin with pearl trimmings; the bridesmaid and maids of honor were also tastefully attired, and were

the Misses Amy, Emily and Clara, younger sisters of the bride. The groom was attended by his brother, Mr. R. Osler Wade of Toronto, and Mr. John Hardy of Dundas, brother of the bride. The church was beautifully decorated by friends, and the bride was the recipient of many handsome presents. After the wedding supper the happy couple left on the evening train for a tour in the East, after which they will make their home in Oswego, N. Y.

Capt. Robt. Myles, who goes with the Canadian artillery team to Shoenbury this year as adjutant, was dined at the Albany Club last Saturday evening previous to his departure for Quebec.

The parishioners of Rev. Dr. Henderson of the Sherbourne street Methodist church are sorry to lose their eloquent pastor, who has accepted work in connection with the cause of missions.

Mr. Charles Drinkwater, secretary of the C. P. R., has gone to Europe for a two months' trip, leaving his work in charge of Mr. A. R. G. Heward.

The sending of poor children to the country for fresh air and change of scene has begun, and on Monday a party of children were sent out to various places for ten days. At the end of that time they will be brought back and others will be sent out. The cause is a good one and appeals to charitable people who readily set aside a dollar or two from their own holiday funds in order to impart some pleasure to little boys and girls who have, so far as anyone can see, very little to look forward to in life.

On June 25 the Unitarian church, Jarvis street, was the scene of a very pretty wedding. Miss Florence Bertram, eldest daughter of Mr. George H. Bertram, was united in marriage to Mr. W. A. Hamilton, son of Mr. W. B. Hamilton, by Rev. H. H. Woude. The church was prettily decorated with palms and roses. The bride wore a gown of ivory satin trimmed with honiton lace and orange blossoms, and carried a shower bouquet of roses and white sweet peas. Miss Mabel Bertram, the bridesmaid, who was gowned in silk organdie, carried sweet peas and wore a tulle hat trimmed with clover. A sweet little maid of honor was Miss Lilias Hamilton, dressed in white silk and carrying a basket laden with sweet peas. The groom was supported by Mr. W. H. Moore. A most impressive feature of the ceremony was the music rendered by Mr. A. S. Vogt. After the marriage ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 220 Beverley street. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton are passing their honeymoon in the White Mountains, and on their return will reside at 94 D'Arcy street. Mrs. Hamilton will not receive until September.



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## HOW THE REDOUBT WAS TAKEN

BY PROSPER MER MEE.

A FRIEND of mine, a soldier, who died in Greece of fever some years since, described to me one day his first engagement. His story so impressed me that I wrote it down from memory. It was as follows:

I joined my regiment on September 4th. It was evening. I found the colonel in the camp. He received me rather brusquely, but having read the general's introductory letter he changed his manner, and addressed me courteously.

By him I was presented to my captain, who had just come in from reconnoitring. This captain, whose acquaintance I had scarcely time to make, was a tall, dark man, of harsh, repelling aspect. He had been a private soldier, and had won his cross and epaulettes upon the field of battle. His voice, which was hoarse and feeble, contrasted strangely with his gigantic stature. This voice of his he owed, as I was told, to a bullet which had passed completely through his body at the battle of Jena.

On learning that I had just come from college at Fontainebleau, he remarked, with a wry face: "My lieutenant died last night."

I understood what he implied. "It is for you to take his place, and you are good for nothing."

A sharp retort was on my tongue, but I restrained it.

The moon was rising behind the redoubt of Cheverino, which stood two cannon-shots from our encampment. The moon was large and red, as is common at her rising; but that night she seemed to me of extraordinary size. For an instant the redoubt stood out coal-black against the glittering disc. It resembled the cone of a volcano at the moment of eruption.

An old soldier, at whose side I found myself, observed the color of the moon.

"She is very red," he said. "It is a sign that it will cost us dear to win this wonderful redoubt."

I was always superstitious, and this piece of augury, coming at that moment, troubled me. I sought my couch, but could not sleep. I rose and walked about a while, watching the long line of fires upon the heights beyond the village of Cheverino.

When the sharp night air had thoroughly refreshed my blood I went back to the fire. I rolled my mantle around me and I shut my eyes, trusting not to open them till daylight. But sleep refused to visit me. Insensibly my thoughts grew doleful. I told myself that I had not a friend among the hundred thousand men who filled that plain. If I were wounded I should be placed in hospital, in the hands of ignorant and careless surgeons. I called to mind what I had heard of operations. My heart beat violently, and I mechanically arranged, as a kind of rude cuirass, my handkerchief and pocketbook upon my breast. Then, overpowered by weariness, my eyes closed drowsily, only to open the next instant with a start at some new thought of horror.

Fatigue, however, at last gained the day. When the drums beat at daylight I was fast asleep. We were drawn up in ranks. The roll was called; then we stacked our arms and everything announced that we should pass another uneventful day.

But about three o'clock an *aide-de-camp* arrived with orders. We were commanded to take arms.

Our sharpshooters marched into the plain. We followed slowly and in twenty minutes we saw the outposts of the Russians falling back and entering the redoubt. We had a battery of artillery on our right, another on our left, but both some distance in advance of us. They opened a sharp fire upon the enemy, who returned it briskly, and the redoubt of Cheverino was soon concealed by volumes of thick smoke. Our regiment was almost covered from the Russians' fire by a piece of rising ground. Their bullets (which, besides, were rarely aimed at us, for they preferred to fire upon our cannoniers whistled over us, or at worst knocked up a shower of earth and stones).

Just as the order to advance was given, the captain looked at me intently. I stroked my sprouting mustache with an air of unconcern: in truth, I was not frightened, and only dreaded lest I might be thought so. These passing bullets aided my heroic coolness, while my self-respect assured me that the danger was a real one, since I was veritably under fire. I was delighted at my self-possession, and already looked forward to the pleasure of describing in Parisian drawing-rooms the capture of the redoubt of Cheverino.

The colonel passed before our company. "Well," he said to me, "you are going to see warm work in your first action."

I gave a martial smile and brushed my cuff, on which a bullet, which had struck the earth at thirty paces distant, had cast a little dust.

It appeared that the Russians had discovered that their bullets did no harm, for they replaced them by a fire of shells, which began to reach us in the hollows where we lay. One of these, in its explosion, knocked off my shako and killed a man beside me.

"I congratulate you," said the captain, as I picked up my shako. "You are safe now for the day."

I knew the military superstition which believes that the axiom *non bis in idem* is as applicable to the battlefield as to the courts of justice. I replaced my shako with a swagger. "That's a rude way to make one raise one's hat," I said, as lightly as I could. And this wretched piece of wit was, in the circumstances, received as excellent.

"I compliment you," said the captain. "You will command a company to-night, for I shall not survive the day. Every time I have been wounded the officer below me has been touched by some spent ball; and," he added, in a lower tone, "all the names began with P."

I laughed sceptically; most people would have done the same; but most would also have been struck, as I was, by these prophetic words.

But, conscript though I was, I felt that I could trust my thoughts to no one, and that it was my duty to seem always calm and bold.

At the end of half an hour the Russian fire had sensibly diminished. We left our cover to advance on the redoubt.

Our regiment was composed of three battalions. The second had to take the enemy in flank; the two others formed the storming party. I was in the third.

On issuing from behind the cover, we were received by several volleys, which did but little harm. The whistling of the balls amazed me. "But, after all," I thought, "a battle is less terrible than I expected."

We advanced at a smart run, our musketeers in front.

All at once the Russians uttered three hurrahs—three distinct hurrahs—and then stood silent, without firing.

"I don't like that silence," said the captain. "It bodes no good."

I began to think our people were too eager. I could not help comparing, mentally, their shouts and clamor with the striking silence of the enemy.

We quickly reached the foot of the redoubt. The palisades were broken and the earthworks shattered by our balls. With a roar of "Vive l'Empereur" our soldiers rushed across the ruins.

I raised my eyes. Never shall I forget the sight which met my view. The smoke had mostly lifted, and remained suspended, like a canopy, at twenty feet above the redoubt. Through a bluish mist could be perceived, behind the shattered parapet, the Russian Grenadiers, with rifles lifted, as motionless as statues. I can see them still—the left eye of every soldier glaring at us, the right hidden by his lifted gun. In an embrasure at a few feet distant, a man with a fuse stood by a cannon.

I shuddered. I believed that my last hour had come.

"Now for the dance to open," cried the captain. These were the last words I heard him speak.

There came from the redoubts a roll of drums. I saw the muzzles lowered. I shut my eyes: I heard a most appalling crash of sound, which succeeded groans and cries. Then I looked up, amazed to find myself still living. The redoubt was once more wrapped in smoke. I was surrounded by the dead and wounded. The captain was extended at my feet; a ball had carried off his head, and I was covered with his blood. Of all the company, only six men, except myself, remained erect.

This carnage was succeeded by a kind of stupor. The next instant the colonel, with his hat on his sword's point, had scaled the parapet with a cry of "Vive l'Empereur." The survivors followed him. All that succeeded in to me a kind of dream. We rushed into the redoubt, I know not how, we fought hand to hand in the midst of smoke so thick that no man could perceive his enemy. I found my sabre dripping blood; I heard a shout of "Victory"; and, in the clearing smoke, I saw the earthworks piled with dead and dying. The cannons were covered with a heap of corpses. About two hundred men in the French uniform were standing, without order, loading their muskets, or wiping their bayonets. Eleven Russian prisoners were with them.

The colonel was lying, bathed in blood, upon a broken cannon. A group of soldiers crowded around him. I approached them.

"Who is the oldest captain?" he was asking of a sergeant.

The sergeant shrugged his shoulders most expressively.

"Who is the oldest lieutenant?"

"This gentleman, who came last night," replied the sergeant calmly.

The colonel smiled bitterly.

"Come, sir," he said to me, "you are now in chief command. Fortify the gorge of the redoubt at once with wagons, for the enemy is out in force. But General C— is coming to support you."

"Colonel," I asked him, "are you badly wounded?"

"Pish, my dear fellow. The redoubt is taken."

### Beautiful Niagara.

The best view of the river, rapids and falls is gained by a trip over the Gorge route, the Niagara Falls and Lewiston Railroad, American line. This splendidly equipped electric trolley line traverses the entire length of the Niagara gorge, on the American shore, close to the water's edge, from the Falls to Lewiston, passing many caves, rapids, battle grounds and historic points. Fare, round trip, 50c. To see Niagara as it should be seen—cheaply, thoroughly and quickly—the tourist should ascend the observation tour and later take a trip over the most complete electric trolley route in the world.

Trains run every ten minutes.

J. M. Brinker, President.

D. B. Worthington,

Gen. Pass. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bacon—I see they've put up a sounding-board back of the minister's pulpit. What do you suppose that's for? Edgbert—Why, it is to throw out the sound. "Gracious! If you throw out the sound there wouldn't be anything left in the sermon!" *Funkers Statesman.*

### The Children's Enemy.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip diseases, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Jack Rashleigh—I've got a great scheme to keep cool this summer. Miss Highstone—What is it? Jack Rashleigh—I'll say things to you that you won't like and you can freeze me with a glance. *Town Topics.*

The Grey Nuns' Convent, Hull, P. Q., has selected and purchased a Pratte Piano for the use of its advanced pupils.

### For Lady Readers.

THE other evening I went to dine with the X's, writes Katharine de Forest in her Paris letter to the Bazar, and found X, who had been over to London the day before on business, in a very amusing frame

of mind over what he said was the bad dressing of English women. X, let me remark in passing, is an Englishman. He had wanted to avoid friends in town, so, instead of dining at the club, he had taken the *table-d'hôte* dinner of his hotel, the Métropole, and gone to the theater afterwards. "And such a sloppy-looking set as the women were!" he said. "It was positively depressing. I consider that a man has a right to demand that when he goes out he be surrounded with attractive, well set-up women, and society is not doing its duty by him unless it sees that he is. I felt positively defrauded, especially as I was awfully well dressed myself." "Ahem!" came from his audience. "All the men were awfully well dressed," he went on, without noticing the interruption; "but the women! I came away positively gloomy. It is such a relief to get back to you and your Paris frocks." "But what a pity it is that we are here!" said one of the pretty American girls that one is sure to find at the X's. X, let me remark again in passing, has married an American. "We are absolutely wasted here. Our Paris frocks are coals in Newcastle. Think how they and we would be appreciated if we only went over to London!" "No, you would not," said X, indignantly. "You would be awfully out of tone in London. Any well-dressed American is a positive jar there. People turn around in the streets to look at her." X went on for some time longer in this whimsical vein, adding various other complimentary remarks of different natures about our sex of America, all of which, I confess, were balm to my ears.

Whether what he said about the English was only a mood or not, I do not know, but, at any rate, his words about American women consoled me for other words I had sometimes heard him utter about the doings of some of our men.

It is a curious fact that of the ladies of royal rank during the present century only two have been leaders of feminine fashions, says the *Argonaut*, and they have both been plebeian-born empresses of the French. In the early years of the century, the Empress Josephine was the accepted model for the feminine world to follow in its dress, and fifty years later the Empress Eugénie dictated the fashions from Paris. Queen Victoria never originated a fashion, and her daughter-in-law is responsible only for the high collar or band about the neck, which she wore to conceal a scrofulous scar, and the bunching of frizzes on the forehead which becomes her better than any other style of hair-dressing. Queen Margherita and the Empress of Austria never originated a style, and the present German empress and her mamma-in-law are too domestic to care for fashions. And an Eastern paper states that Queen Sophia of Sweden, far from caring for frills and furbelows, is a member of the Salvation Army and affects the garb peculiar to that organization.

Although golf is crowding tennis to the wall, yet there are places innumerable where tennis can be played and where golf cannot, therefore a few pointers as to tennis-wear will not be out of place. Tennis shoes are not becoming; but of tan leather or black canvas, if of a good shape, they do not look so badly as did the first ones some years ago. Red piqué, duck, or mohair of a bright scarlet shade are effective on a tennis ground, and made with short jacket and shirt-waist of finer material—organdie or null—they are invariably becoming. Girls who play for championship make everything subservient to the game, and apparently do not care how they look; but even in a scant linen skirt, a white India silk blouse with the sleeves rolled up to give full play to the limbs, a girl may look well, if she has her skirt well cut and so fastened under the white kid belt that it does not sag down in the middle of the back, which skirts have a sad fashion of doing. Mohair and serge are sometimes used for tennis gowns, but the wash materials this season are much more popular. Crash, which is made up into the blazer suits and bicycle costumes for both men and women, is not a very pleasant material to wear when exercising violently, for the moment it is wet with perspiration it is disagreeably cold and clammy; the more expensive qualities are the best, and as the most expensive is exceedingly cheap, it is best to give the few cents extra. While the white belts are the most in favor, ribbons are not positively tabooed from tennis costumes, particularly if no match games are to be played. The girle is often worn, and the pretty fashion is revived again of the ribbon put twice around the waist and tied at one side with ends—ribbons trim any dress daintily, and also cover the line between skirt and waist. Plain, not fancy, ribbons should be used, and the very latest fashion is for the *noir* taffeta, which comes in many beautiful shades.

### A Sweet Politician.

"Who'll vote for me?" asked Dora, Love's fairest politician. She tossed her head as straight I said:

"I will, on one condition—And that is that Dora'll give her note To kiss me for each vote, each vote."

And then I saw her blue eyes soften—And voted early, voted often.

—Frank L. Stanton in *Atlanta Constitution.*

### The Other Side.

New York Weekly. Financier—You literary men haven't the first idea about business. Here you have about ten thousand manuscripts piled up in this dark closet, and you say they are all paid for.

Editor Great Magazine—Years ago.

"Just think of it! Hasn't it ever occurred to you, sir, that you are losing the interest on all the money you paid out for those useless bundles?"

"Huh! You financiers haven't the first idea about literature. Every one of those manuscripts is from a different author, and the whole ten thousand of them will go on buying our

## "The Safeguard"

From the hundred and one ills dependent upon drinking the ordinary adulterated, nerve-disturbing rubbish masquerading as Tea

## "Salada"

CEYLON TEA  
IS PURE AND DELICIOUS.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY

ALL GROCERS

magazine at thirty-five cents a copy until the articles are printed.

### Shades of Lindley Murray!

Harper's Monthly.

Rachel was a bright yellow girl, a waitress in the family of Mrs. — of New Orleans, and with a positive genius for twisting the English language out of all grammatical shape. She was sent by her mistress one day for a particular kind of French roll. Returning empty-handed, and rolling her eyes, she said to Mrs. —, "Miss Annie, I didn't bring none on account of they didn't had any."

### Mighty Particular.

Pick-Me-Up.

Showman—This is a picture of the Israelites crossing the Red Sea.

One of the Audience—But I don't see the Israelites?

Showman—Oh, they've just crossed over!

One of the Audience—Well, where are the Egyptians?

Showman—They're just gone under! Say, how much will you take to take your money back?

### Two Sorts of Bellows.

The blacksmith stands blowing his fire. What long sweeps he takes with his lever! Now up above his head, now down to his knees. And the fire—how it snaps and roars! The great bellows open wide to suck in the air and then the weights press it out through the nozzle. But suppose some morning the bellows had but three or four inches "play." Somebody has tampered with them. Their movement is restricted by a cord or a stick. The blacksmith looks to it and finds it so. The bellows have what, in a pair of human lungs, we call an *attack of asthma*; that is, difficult breathing.

For the lungs are a pair of bellows. Their business is to inhale and exhale air. When they work well the blood is supplied with oxygen, which unites with the carbon to make a slow fire, and so keep us warm. There isn't much feeling in the lungs; in that respect they are like the smith's bellows. But when they stop we die; and even when they work badly he could scarcely move about.

This is happening to people all the time, and among them lately was Mr. W. Stephen of Bogside Cottage, Bayne, near Inverness, Shire. "My breathing became so bad," he says, "I thought I should suffocate." That was a feeling to scare a man. He consulted a doctor, and the doctor gave him medicines and applied blisters. Inhalations were also tried, but no particular good came from any of these things. Time ran along, as it always does, and Mr. Stephen found himself very, very weak and growing weaker. In fact, as he says himself, he could scarcely move about.

The doctor said his patient had chronic bronchitis. Now bronchitis is an inflammation of the big tubes that lead in among the cells of the lungs. They are like the branches of a bush after you leave the main trunk that stands on the ground. Bronchitis is caused by some long-tolerated impurity of the blood suddenly developed by a cold. This may easily set up a derangement of the nerves of the lungs—the nerves of motion—and the lungs partially collapse and we have *asthma*. So you see that the two complaints belong to the same family, and are likely to act together in making mischief. Now let us hear again from Mr. Stephen.

He says his illness began back in June, 1890. At first he merely felt out of sorts, just as the weather seems to feel when it is getting ready to give us a bad storm. Outside and inside Nature is quite as good to us as we deserve—she gives notice of the coming evil. But we don't see or we don't care. All the worse for us.

Our friend had no lung trouble at first. His stomach appeared to be at fault. When he ate he almost immediately suffered from pain and tightness at the chest and palpitation of the heart. After this came the bronchitis and the asthma. Well.

We now quote from a letter dated from his home, August 23rd, 1891: "After suffering for nine months—all that time not able to work—and no treatment doing me any good, I made up my mind to try a medicine that had benefited my wife—namely, Mother's Seigel's Curative Syrup. I did so, and in a few days I felt better; my breathing was easier, my appetite returned, and I digested my food. Indeed, I was soon as strong as ever, and went back to my work. Then my daughter, who had been ill for years, took the Syrup, and a few bottles made her strong and robust. You may print this statement if you wish. (Signed) W. Stephen."

Now, to sum up: There was nothing the matter with Mr. Stephen's lungs—that is, nothing *organic*. Both the bronchitis and the asthma were symptoms of his real complaint, indigestion and dyspepsia, which was the source of the impurities mentioned. When the remedy had removed this, and also put his stomach and liver in order, the lungs worked with their natural sweep and power.

So-called lung diseases—even alleged consumption—are nine times in ten merely symptoms of bad digestion and foul blood. Bear that fact in mind.

You Can't Do Without Soap!

**Sunlight SOAP**

HAS NO EQUAL...

- For purity
- For cleansing power
- For taking out dirt
- For dissolving grease
- For saving clothes
- For preserving hands

These are some of the reasons why...

**"SUNLIGHT"**

Soap has the largest sale in the world, and has been awarded 27 Gold Medals and other honors.

DR. O. H. ZEIGLER, Dentist  
Room 21, "The Forum," Cor. Yonge and  
Gerrard Streets. Office hours, 9 to 5. Office tele-  
phone, 2232. RESIDENCE—421 Jarvis Street.

### Baldness Positively Cured

MADAME IRELAND

Has removed from the Confederation Life Buildings

to

174 JARVIS STREET

(Just above Shuter)

Where she will be pleased to welcome all her old friends and patrons. Madame is now giving her entire new treatment of the hair, which restores falling hair and positively cures baldness.

### LAGAVULIN "Selected."

This Scotchman's favorite unblended whisky from the "Isles of Islay" made from pure Scotch malt only is now in constant demand at the principal Clubs and Hotels, and can be had from your wine merchant. Connoisseurs should try it.

PHILIP TODD

Agent for Ontario, Telephone 153 38 Colborne St., Toronto

Use ADAMS' TUTTI FRUTTI

After meals. Refreshing. See look-out inside of wrappers.

### ROUGH ON RAIN

Will make your ordinary suit or bicycle costume perfectly RAIN-PROOF, without altering the feel or appearance in the least. Very simply and easily applied. If your dealer has not got it, I will send it to you by mail. Price 81 per package. Smaller packages, 25c. in stamps.

R. W. HANNAH, TORONTO

### Bookbinding Wanted

Yes, Well, telephone 2406 and we will give you satisfaction.

We manufacture office blank books, bind magazines, etc. We are practical bookbinders in all its branches.

LAWSON & WILSON

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25 Wellington Street West, Toronto

Estimates given. Telephone 545

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Office and Works—44 LOMBARD STREET.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned, Re-laid or Made Over. New Carpets Sewed and Laid. Feathers and Mattresses Revived. Furniture repaired.

PFIEFFER & HOUGH BROS.

### Why Drink Dirty Water

WHEN YOU CAN GET A

PASTEUR GERM PROOF FILTER

No danger of infectious diseases if you use it.

Call and see it, or write for particulars.

AIKENHEAD HARDWARE CO.

6 Adelaide Street East.

### J. YOUNG

(ALEX. MILLARD)

The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer

369 Yonge Street TELEPHONE 679

### Here's an Important Item.

Has it occurred to you how easy, comfortable and convenient it now is to take a day trip from Toronto to New York? If not, just a moment while we tell you. You can leave Toronto every weekday at 9:05 a.m., get a through parlor car to Buffalo, without change, via the Grand Trunk and New York Central, reaching Buffalo at 12:30 p.m. Leave on the Empire State Express from the same station, via the New York Central, at 1:00 p.m., stopping only at Rochester, Syracuse, Utica and Albany. The many advantages of this trip are, that you go through pleasantly and quickly with only one change of cars from Toronto to New York. Avoid night travel. Land at Grand Central Station, the center of New York. Ride on the Empire State Express and the New York Central, which is and always will be America's greatest railroad. You can buy through tickets via the New York Central at any regular ticket office. For information desired, not obtainable at such offices, address Edison J. Weeks, General Agent N. Y. C. & H. R. R., 1 Exchange Street, Buffalo.

### Milwaukee and Return.

On July 15 the B. Y. P. U. will hold their annual convention in Milwaukee, and will run a special train from Toronto to Milwaukee via Detroit and Wabash Railroad. Train will leave Toronto 7 a.m., reaching Milwaukee same evening (via Chicago), at single fare round trip. For full particulars write Fred L. Radcliffe, Transportation leader, 21 McMillan Street, Toronto, or J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.



Husband Hunting.

THE author of How to be Happy, Though Married, has been writing concerning the question of Husband Hunting and in the course of her article says: To a young woman about to start housekeeping a husband is one of the most useful things to be provided, and, indeed, one of the first requisites of a well-furnished home. They are now made in all sizes, and in looking around for a suitable one the young housewife should endeavor to meet with something proportionate to the cubical contents of her establishment. Nothing is more displeasing to the eye of a critical visitor than to see a sort of heavy dragoon groping his way through the narrow passages and doorways of a little house in the suburbs, every time he turns around or rises from his seat either sweeping the tea-things off the table or bumping his head against the ceiling and causing an avalanche of whitewash. I must therefore warn my young friends to make up their minds, to start with, whether they will have a husbandette, a cottage husband, an upright iron frame, or a full concert grand. In fact, there are strong reasons why this matter should be settled before the house is taken at all. A young lady may have been making preparations for some time beforehand; but she must bear in mind that to make a comfortable home something more is required than a husband and a square of carpet, and, under proper instructions, the former may be very useful, not only as an article of furniture himself, but in securing other things to fill up with. I am aware that most of us would prefer to buy all our furniture first, then select a young man who would harmonize with the curtains and wall-paper, etc., but unhappily this is not an ideal world, and poor worried woman must struggle on bravely against the injustice and the difficulties that surround her.

Again, it is a painful fact that although the demand is perhaps greater than ever, the supply of husbands has fallen off for some unaccountable reason, and more skill and perseverance have now to be exercised in their pursuit than formerly. In the case of some of the best descended specimens, for which foreign competition is very keen, cash with order is the rule, but a moderately clever young woman can generally obtain a husband that will do for every-day wear on credit, though not on approval. I recommend for most women one cut rather full at the waist, with large pockets—something serviceable, and at the same time *chic*. When a girl is fortunate enough to have several to choose from, she will be quite safe if she takes the one which is most repugnant to her personal taste, for, after a long experience, I am convinced that to follow one's natural impulses is generally followed by unhappy results, and may even lead to drink on both sides of the family. Fashion also is a consideration that must be taken into account. Speaking generally it is better to have a slightly out-of-date man that suits you than a fashionable white elephant. There is a happy medium with light whiskers which can be brought up to date from time to time by a few judicious alterations and repairs, and, in short, a general overhauling, so that the difference will be scarcely noticeable. I have no partiality myself for second-hand husbands, because, although they are of stout material, and can stand a good deal of rough wear and tear, they are not smart.

A great mistake which is frequently made is to attach too much importance to the ceremony which completes the bargain. It is all very well for a girl to want to make a good show and to rouse the envy of her friends; that is a laudable ambition. But there is a quantity of showy Birmingham goods on the market which are specially got up to look well at weddings, and afterwards wear very shabby. The young woman who accepts one of these may flatter her vanity by leading him up and down the aisle, but amongst the crowd of lookers-on there are sure to be a few experienced critics who will find out his weak spots. The aim of the girl should rather be to possess a more homely one of sound construction, and then make a great effort to polish him up for the wedding. A stitch here and there, a few tucks, and, above all, the careful and energetic use of the brush and comb with a little brillianine will do much to disguise whatever there may be *enfer* in his design. A few touches with the powder-puff will give an interesting paleness, and at the same time prevent that damp blush which detracts from the appearance of so many bridegrooms. Ironing his trousers is quite optional.

The completion of the contract is really an interesting ceremony, full of pleasurable excitement. From a mere man's point of view it is supposed to be something like this:

Parson—Wilt thou have this played-out flit of a woman?  
Bride-croom—I can't back out of it now.  
Parson—Wilt thou have this miserable cuss of a man?  
Bride—I must; he's my last chance.  
Parson—Then the Lord have mercy on your souls.  
Clerk—Amen.

And the bride's mother winks through her tears at the blushing best man, and the father who gave her away (in the literal sense only) heaves a sigh of relief to think what a saving of provisions there will be at home, and that at last the dream of his life has come true—at last the family has a connection from whom it may occasionally borrow a half-crown.

How Spain Itself Supplies the Cubans.

It has been a matter of wonder to all interested in the matter how the insurgents in Cuba have managed to obtain sufficient ammunition to keep up the war so long, considering the difficulties of obtaining supplies from outside. The Boston Herald attempts to explain how small quantities of cartridges, actually bought by the Spanish Government, have found their way into the rebels' hands.

Imagine, that journal says, a party of Spanish soldiers on an expedition into the country. They are grumbling about the rations. "One meal a day—a little bacon, a handful of white beans, a scrap of bread. All from Spain, all of inferior quality. The government has paid enough for good food, and plenty of it, but the contractors give us only this, and they are

growing rich out of the war." Then they come upon a Cuban settlement, and the peasants come out offering fruit and new cheeses for sale.

"How much for this little cheese?" a hungry soldier asks.  
"Five shillings."  
"That's too much, rascal."  
"Well, nobody is looking. Suppose I say five cartridges?"  
"How much for an orange?" another soldier asks.  
"One shilling."  
"Extortioner!"

"Well, when the officers aren't near, two cartridges."  
So, more or less on the sly, the exchange is effected, and when the peasants withdraw they have cartridges with which to slay their customers.

That is one way in which ammunition has been secured by the insurgents.

But this story hardly agrees with the tales told in the New York press. We had supposed that when the Spaniards wanted oranges they slaughtered women and children to get them.

Tom Toppnot—Hullo, Jack! how do you do?  
Jack Plunger—I (hie) do as I (hie) blame please, thank you. Tom Toppnot—I see—when does your wife get back?  
—Judge.

Shrink-ing...



Wood shrinking has ruined many a piano. Some shrinking is unavoidable, but special construction enables us to overcome the evil effects of it. All wood shrinks in dry air and swells in damp air on account of the porosity of the wood, which cannot be helped. But the makers of the Pratt Piano have triumphed over the difficulty by a special scientific way of cutting, preparing and arranging the wood. Shrinking in other pianos affects the action of the keys and hammers, making the touch light or stiff, according to weather, but the Pratt Piano is free from that fault.

For a piano of unchanging touch and action the year round you will find none equal to the Pratt. A demonstration of what we mean will be shown you if you will call.

**Pratt Piano Co.**  
MONTREAL.  
1678 Notre Dame Street

most wholesome food for BABY

"REINDEER" Brand

CONDENSED MILK

ALL GROCERS

Hotel Louise

LORNE PARK, Ont.

Under new and liberal management.

Now Open for Reception of Guests

Cuisine and appointments strictly first-class.  
Special Saturday and Sunday dinners for bicyclists. No entrance fee to the Park.  
Special reduced rate Saturday afternoon to Monday morning. Reduced rates for the season.  
C. V. WARD, Proprietor.

PENINSULAR PARK HOTEL

LAKE SIMCOE

Nine miles from Barrie

...NOW OPEN...

Bicycle livery in connection with hotel. Social hours Saturday nights. Special rates Saturday to Monday. MRS. DICKWORTH, Proprietress.

Strawberry Island

LAKE SIMCOE

Hotel and cottages open for guests June 22. For particulars address: RENNIE & LINDSAY, Orillia.

Are You Coming to Muskoka?

IF SO, VISIT THE...

EARNSCLIFFE HOUSE

or write me for terms. I have added a new wing to my premises, and in consequence have room for more people. My house is situated on the west side of Lake Rosseau, and there are beautiful walks in the vicinity. The table is supplied with fruit, vegetables, butter, &c., from my own farm.  
ALFRED JUDD, Proprietor.

SUMMER RESORTS.

QUEEN'S HOTEL and Cottages

Niagara-on-the-Lake  
The Newport of Canada  
Opening Hop of the season Saturday, June 27  
Special Dominion Day Dance, Wednesday July 1

Fourth of July Hop, Saturday, July 4th  
CLEVELAND BICYCLE SCHOOL AND LIVERY in connection with Hotel. Best wheels for hire. Experienced instructor in charge.  
Golf links in good condition. Tennis courts in grand shape.

CHAUTAUQUA AND LAKESIDE PARK HOTEL

This beautiful resort is situated on the shore of Lake Ontario, adjoining Niagara-on-the-Lake. The hotel is now ready for the reception of guests. Bus meets all trains and boats; fare 10c. Special rates for families. Saturday afternoon to Monday morning, \$3. First-class in every respect.  
S. GRIGG, (Late of the Grigg House, London, Ont.), Proprietor.

A CHARMING SUMMER RESORT

HOTEL HANLAN

If tourists knew the delightful weather we are having at the island and the many advantages obtained by being within such a short distance of the city (palace steamers plying every 15 minutes), and if quiet enjoyment, rest, recreation, comfort and healthfulness at a moderate expense are desired, the question which is freely discussed in every family circle, *Where shall we spend the summer?* will be at once decided.  
Special rates for families for the season. Booklets upon application.  
M. A. THOMAS, Manager.  
F. M. THOMAS, Resident Manager.

Mansion House

CACOUNA, QUEBEC.

This favorite hotel will be open 1st June for the reception of guests. The service in the future as in the past will be first-class. Courteous personal attention. Rates to families from \$3.00 per week up. If you are troubled with hay fever this climate will cure you. For further information address  
M. A. LUCAS, PROPRIETOR.

The Penetanguishene

PENETANG, ONT.

NOW OPEN FOR GUESTS

CANADA'S GREAT SUMMER HOTEL

The only Modern Hotel in the Muskoka District.  
Electric lighted. Every convenience. Fine tennis court and bowling green. Fishing and boating unexcelled. Cuisine first-class. Social hours and concerts, etc. Rates moderate.  
JAS. K. PAISLEY, Manager.

MORINUS HOUSE

Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

This hotel is beautifully situated on the west side of Lake Rosseau, and is one of the prettiest places of resort on the lake. The bathing is absolutely safe, even for children, and the cuisine first-class.  
Post office with daily mail. Terms moderate. First-class fishing. W. D. McNAUGHTON, Proprietor.

Lake View House

Jackson's Point, Lake Simcoe

This delightful summer resort will open June 15. Situated on the southern shore of Lake Simcoe, 2 1/2 hours from Toronto. Excellent bathing beach, splendid roads for bicycling, lawn tennis, &c.  
For rates and illustrated pamphlet apply to J. SAUNDERS, Stonyville, Ont., until June 15th; after that date to Sutton West.

BALA FALLS HOTEL

LAKE MUSKOKA

If you contemplate visiting Muskoka this season, write me for terms.  
Splendid location, near the celebrated Bala Falls. Good fishing and boating.  
THOMAS CURRIE, Proprietor.

Clevelands House

Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

Now open for the reception of guests. Fishing, boating and bathing unequalled.  
Send for booklet. Post office in the hotel. All through boats call going either way.  
MRS. F. MINETT, Proprietress.  
Minett P. O.

Windermere House

Windermere, Muskoka

This favorite summer resort is delightfully situated on the shores of Lake Rosseau, and is now open for the reception of guests. The table is plentifully supplied with all the season's delicacies. Nice sandy beach for bathing, and daily mail, express and telegraph from all points.  
All inquiries receive prompt attention.  
THOMAS ATKIN, Proprietor.

ROSTREVOR

Lake Rosseau - Muskoka

Three Miles North of Windermere.  
FURNISHED COTTAGES TO RENT  
Beautifully situated, with extensive sandy beach, perfectly safe for bathing. Close to steamer route. Terms, from \$5 per week up, according to location of rooms. Apply to—  
A. DIXMORE, Windermere P. O.

BUILDING MATERIAL IN MUSKOKA

Many people imagine that it is difficult or expensive to procure building material in Muskoka. Send me your order and I will disabuse your mind of the idea. I will furnish estimates for dressed and undressed lumber, hardwood flooring, shingles, &c. I have also some choice building lots for sale.  
Established 1871. JOSEPH S. WALLIS, Port Carling, Muskoka.

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The Hutton House

Muskoka Lake  
...MUSKOKA...

The delightfully situated house, 17 miles' sail from Gravenhurst, and combines, among others, the following advantages, viz.: Picturesque scenery, Dry Pine-laden Mountain Air, Pure spring Water and Excellent Fishing. Daily Mail and Express.

Open for the reception of guests 15 June

MRS. G. L. KAVANAGH, Proprietress.

STANLEY HOUSE

Is located on a point of land in Stanley Bay, Lake Joseph, Muskoka, 800 feet above sea level. Rooms large and comfortably furnished. Prompt replies to applications for terms or rooms.  
C. E. AYRE, Proprietor.

FERNDALE HOUSE

Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

Ferndale House is situated at the center of the lake district and in the midst of the finest scenery. Best of tables. Terms moderate.  
Further particulars by applying to  
S. R. G. PENSON, Ferndale House P. O., Muskoka, Ont.

Prospect House

MUSKOKA

This popular and well known first-class hotel is now open for the reception of guests. Situated at the junction of lakes Rosseau and Joseph, and being 800 feet above Lake Ontario, the location is the most delightful in the Muskoka region.  
Still under the personal management of  
ENOCH COX, Proprietor.

PORT SANDFIELD House

MUSKOKA

IS NOW OPEN FOR THE SEASON  
It is beautifully situated at the junction of Lakes Muskoka and Rosseau, and in consequence is the most convenient place in the whole of this delightful region.  
Passengers leaving Toronto or Hamilton by the morning train reach here by 4 p.m.  
There is good fishing and delightful walks in the neighborhood.  
JOHN FRASER, Proprietor.

BEAUMARIS HOTEL

Tondern Island

Muskoka Lake

EDWARD PROWSE, Proprietor.  
Rates on application.

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## The Rise and Fall of Champagne.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS,"  
Illustrated London News.

LONG before Bordeaux and Burgundy were known to the world at large, the white wines of Champagne enjoyed the favor of the great ones of the earth. History has recorded the names of the sovereigns of France and England who took a pleasure in making their purchases personally in the Champagne vineyards. Charles V. and Francis I. unquestionably did this; if my memory serves me aright Henri VIII. followed suit, but I feel certain of having read somewhere that the Emperor Sigismund stopped expressly at Ay for several days during his visit to France in 1410, in order to taste the products of the local vineyards on the spot.

At that time champagne was not what it has become since; on the one hand, it was not the sweet liquor the French call *tisane*; on the other, not the sour and almost acid beverage we often get set before us under the titles of "vin brut," "vin sec," "extra sec," etc., and against the use of which Dr. George Harley has recently protested in an ably written article in the *Contemporary*.

I have not read the article itself, I have only seen extracts, and I am therefore unable to appreciate the scientific arguments the writer brings to bear on the subject, but I have no need of scientific arguments to convince me that Dr. Harley is right. Had champagne been altogether devoid of sweetness, as it is now, both Bordeaux and Burgundy would probably have had to wait still longer for deserved and general recognition at the hands of the wealthier classes in France.

Up to the middle of the reign of Louis XIV., the greater part of both the latter wines was sent to foreign lands; only a few of the best French provincial families appreciated them at home, and these rarely went to Court. Just at that time Louis XIV. was recovering from a serious illness, and Fagon, his physician, a very enlightened man, and, curious to relate, an absolute teetotaler—though tea was not made up his mind that the King should henceforth dispense with his favorite liquor, i.e., hypocras. "Am I feverish?" asked the Roi-Soleil one morning, presenting his pulse to Fagon. "No, sire, the fever has absolutely abated; your Majesty's pulse beats regularly, though very slowly, and your Majesty may have some soup and some grilled meat." "And some hypocras?" added the King. "I am sorry to inform your Majesty that for the future hypocras is forbidden. Hypocras is irritating your system by reason of the spices used in its composition. Your Majesty must make up your mind to drink good but natural wine." And Fagon recommended Burgundy, which in its turn had been recommended to him by a fellow-physician and friend of his early youth, Salin, then residing at Beaune. He was perfectly acquainted with the virtues of champagne, but he considered that in his then state of health its sweetness might not suit the King's temperament and constitution.

Champagne at that period was not the necessary accompaniment to every festive gathering. It was drunk then as I still drink it when I go to Paris, at the rate of four f. a decaiter—that is, entirely untampered with and not effervescent. That good monk of the Abbey of Aubervilliers, Dom Perignon, had not worked his way with it as yet, nor had Sillery, one of the descendants of the great Chancellor of Henry IV., found means to bring the vintage of his estate into notice with the boon companions of the latter end of the seventeenth century for its flighty rather than for its sterling qualities.

But Sillery, in spite of his vineyard and his well-stocked cellars, or, perhaps, because of them, was exceedingly hard up; for by this time both Burgundy and Bordeaux had made headway, and to a certain extent replaced champagne on the table as an ordinary wine. Dom Perignon had made it foam, he had also invented an improved system of corking—before him there had only been a stopper of hemp soaked in oil. The experiment of drawing the King's notice to champagne would, however, have been too hazardous. Apart from the probability of Fagon setting his face against it for reasons already stated, Madame de Maintenon would have professed herself scandalized at the appearance of this "cock-a-hoop" liquor which, unlike other wines, saluted its would-be consumer with a pop and foamed and sparkled and behaved altogether in too flighty and rollicking a manner. And Louis XIV., who was old and had become pious under her guidance, had no longer a will of his own. Evidently some more joyous patron had to be looked for.

For Sillery had made up his mind that champagne, in virtue of its foam and sparkle, should be something better than the mere adjunct to every meal. Hence, one evening when the familiars of Vendôme were seated around the board, the door of the magnificent apartment was flung open, the noble Sillery appeared on its threshold accompanied by twelve young girls dressed as bacchantes, the wine was uncorked with much noise and the battle of champagne as a purely festive drink was won. Even then it was sweet and tasty, not the abomination it frequently is in the year of grace 1896.

## SPORTING COMMENT

The victory of the Parkdale Cricket Club over the Toronto Club last Saturday afternoon was a surprise to those who know the real strength of the two clubs. I think most people are prepared to admit that the Toronto club can put in the field an eleven that can win two games out of three against the best eleven that can be put up by any other club in the Dominion. But the game of last Saturday illustrates the uncertainty of cricket, for the defeated eleven included almost the full strength of the Torontos, the only notable absentees being Messrs. Wadsworth, Jones and Rykert. On the Parkdale side there was not one player who has figured in an international match, while in the Toronto eleven there were five of them. The other local clubs are at a disadvantage always in playing the Torontos, because in that club are bunched four or more of the most prominent bats and bowlers in Canada. These good bats might not make such big scores if they had to meet the bowlers who always play on their side; or these bowlers might not have such reputations if they had to oppose the three or four batsmen on their own side, who "kill off" other local bowlers just as they begin to think they are wonders. If Messrs. Laing, Wadsworth and Cooper had to bowl in three or four matches each year against such batsmen as Messrs. Saunders and Goldingham, and let us add Mr. Laing himself, the reputation of the bowlers or the batsmen would somewhat diminish, and comparison with the players in other clubs could be fairly instituted. A game is being played yesterday and to-day Toronto vs. All Toronto, which means Toronto vs. an eleven selected from Parkdale and Rosedale. There is little doubt but that Toronto will win the match. When a team is chosen from two clubs the captain of it can never manage his men to the best advantage. He knows the players from his own club best. He must judge of the other members of his team from insufficient observation or from hearsay. In the field many of the players must necessarily fill unfamiliar positions. Such an eleven is always weak in what is known in lacrosse as "team play." A match that would be highly instructive would be a two-day game between eleven selected from the players of Toronto, Rosedale and Parkdale by two such batsmen as Mr. Saunders and Mr. Goldingham, or two such bowlers as Mr. Laing and Mr. Wadsworth. They could toss a copper for first choice, and eleven evenly balanced in bowling, batting and fielding should result.

Upper Canada College was badly beaten by Trinity College School the other day in the annual match between the two schools. The U. C. C. eleven has been ignominiously beaten by Rosedale, Parkdale, T. C. S. and Bishop Ridley, and may be said to have this season made the poorest showing that it has done in years. Cricket has this year disappeared from Varsity, and as the provincial University draws its cricket strength from Upper Canada College, the prospect of seeing cricket restored at Varsity is not, at the present moment, encouraging. The game in Canada was never more popular than now. There are about a dozen clubs in Toronto alone. In view of the fact that baseball and lacrosse are both degraded by the spirit of professionalism, while cricket alone stands clean as a summer game, it looks like a blunder to allow the game to disappear from Varsity and to languish at Upper Canada College. The old boys of the latter institution should interpose before it is too late and see that a first-class coach is secured for next spring to bring along the younger boys.

The latest table which I can find in the English papers places the clubs competing in the inter-county series for the championship as follows:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Draw.	Points.
Surrey	11	10	0	1	10
Yorkshire	10	7	0	3	7
Lancashire	6	5	1	0	4
Middlesex	3	2	1	0	1
Essex	3	1	2	0	-1
Hampshire	3	1	2	0	-1
Notts	4	1	2	1	-1
Leicestershire	4	1	3	0	-2
Somersetshire	5	1	3	1	-2
Gloucestershire	6	1	3	2	-2
Warwickshire	7	1	4	2	-3
Derbyshire	5	1	4	0	-3
Sussex	5	0	3	2	-3
Kent	4	0	4	0	-4

This was the position of the clubs Monday, June 15, and on the same day Abel still led in the batting averages with 77.88; W. Newham came second with 55.00, Hayward was third with 55.00, and K. S. Ranjitsinhji came fourth with 53. W. G. Grace was tenth on the list with 40.47. J. T. Hearne led the bowlers.

London Truth enters this timely protest: Jones, the Australian fast bowler, is it is said, signing on for Sussex. Well, it is a bad day both for English and Colonial cricket when the latter is treated as a nursery for home county teams. Trott is to play for Middlesex, Harry is on the ground staff of the M.C.C., and now Jones, one of the team, is to be secured for Sussex. Such conduct cannot fail to make home cricket unpopular in the Colonies, and tend to bring our own methods into disrepute. There was naturally very great indignation a few years back when the brothers Quaila eloped from Sussex to Warwick. But what a storm of indignation would be aroused if it were stated in the middle of the cricket season that Kent had fled Richardson and Hampshire had annexed Mold. And yet this case of Jones is very little different. Australia sends her best men over here only to be bought on the cricket market. Verily cricket is a grand and ancient game, and its market methods are worthy of the Association Football League. One can scarcely blame a cricketer for staying on if he gets good terms offered him. But the end of these Australian trips will soon be at hand if young cricketers learn to look on a place in a team that is to visit this country as being merely an opportunity for pecuniary benefit.

Judging from the *Cape Register*, which reaches this office from Cape Town every week, Rugby and Association football are the popular games in South Africa, although I understand that cricket has quite a hold out there, too.

I have learned that one of our most respectable and select bicycle clubs visited Whitby on the day referred to by the *Whitby Chronicle* in the red-hot article reproduced in this column last week, and that the bicyclists

in question went to the Ontario Ladies' College by invitation. Being personally acquainted with members of the club referred to, I am sure that if any wheelmen gave just cause for the attack made upon them by the *Whitby* editor, the members of this club were not the ones. This bears out exactly what I said last week. All wheelmen are not of a kind, yet all wheelmen must suffer for the sins of a few who do not know how to conduct themselves. Those who possess some self-respect must assert themselves and repress the noisy and ignorant few who bring down the censure of entire communities upon all bicyclists.

The victory of the Tecumsehs over the Torontos at Rosedale last Saturday surprised a great many people who had not learned to admire the accurate team play of the Islanders. The game will have a good result because it has shown up the weakness of the Toronto team, and when the two clubs meet again there will be a great contest. Both twelves are to be congratulated upon the clean lacrosse played last Saturday. If the Tecumsehs beat the Montreals to-day they will be idolized by their friends.

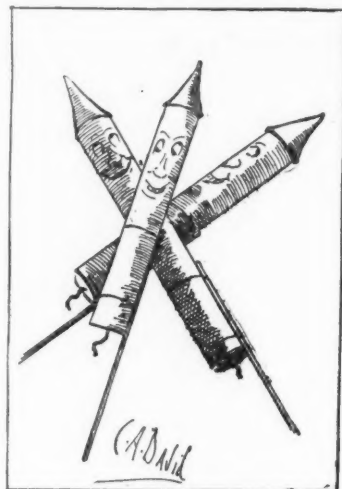
Mr. F. S. Small, the well known football player, of the (champion) Riversides, left for Winnipeg on June 25, to play on the team of that city.

The American College eleven that met such a disastrous defeat at Trinity last week would have been a great deal stronger were it not that an eleven had gone across to England to play some of the school elevens over there. However, in the second day's game the visitors evened things up a bit, and went home feeling that they had done fairly well, all things considered.

The Mirage and Sylvia of the Q. C. Y. C. have not settled conclusions yet, last Saturday's race not being altogether satisfactory. A protest is talked of, so there will be at least one more race between them before the winner can be declared with any degree of certainty. The race a week ago was certainly close enough, the two boats holding on to each other over the entire course and finishing less than a length apart.

To-day the Toronto Canoe Club's annual regatta and At Home is in full swing, and judging from the work done by the members during the last two weeks it should be a grand success. A full report will appear in our next issue. A cruise to the Rouge River is being arranged for next Saturday, and if the weather is any way favorable it is expected that a large number of the "boys" will take it in.

Although the Canada was beaten on Saturday the general feeling is that she made a splendid showing. She is now getting her canvas well stretched and everything in good shape for her next race. By that time her crew will know her better and no doubt Mr. Jarvis will have the pleasure of bringing her in a winner.



"Used Up."

## Some Irish Bulls.

[These are selected from the Handy Book of Literary Curiosities, by William S. Walsh.]

An old Dublin woman went to the chandler's for a farthing candle, and, being told it was raised to a half-penny on account of the Russian war, "Bad luck to them!" she exclaimed, "and do they fight by candle-light?"

An Irishman, having feet of different sizes, ordered his boots to be made accordingly. His directions were obeyed, but as he tried the smallest boot on his largest foot, he exclaimed petulantly, "Confound that fellow! I ordered him to make one larger than the other; and instead of that he has made one smaller than the other."

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring forth a traveler's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stalls belonged to the traveler, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveler pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor; I know that; but I didn't know which one of them was the other gentleman's."

A Hibernian gentleman told a friend studying for the priesthood, "I hope I may live to hear you preach my funeral sermon." Another expressed the grateful sentiment, "May you live to eat the chicken that scratches over your grave." A physician said oracularly of a murdered man, "This person was so ill that if he had not been murdered he would have died a half an hour before."

## A Brave Policeman.

The latest story of police efficiency comes from the North. A small boy happened to be crossing a bridge just as another small boy fell into the water. A policeman asked the boy on the bridge whether he could swim. The boy said he could, and with great presence of mind the officer thereupon dropped him over the balustrade into the river. After a hard struggle the boy who was dropped in succeeded in rescuing the one who fell in. The policeman has not yet been promoted for his bravery.

## The Fencing Master.

Mr. Richard Malchien, the well known Toronto Athletic Club Fencing Master, has, during the past season, distinguished himself as an actor of fine presence and intelligent discretion. He began the season as stage manager for Robert B. Mantell, and did so well that with the new year Mr. Mantell increased his salary and made him the leading man of the



Mr. Richard Malchien.

company. His fencing scene in *The Corsican Brothers*, which is well remembered here, was with Mantell a feature of the play. Mr. Malchien, who is the champion swordsman of America, recently defeated Col. Monterey, the great Chicago fencing master, for one hundred dollars. He has been engaged for Madame Sans-Gene Company for next season, and during the summer will visit friends in Toronto.

## New Books Worth Reading.

An Army Wife by Captain King, published by F. Tennyson Neely, New York. Illustrated. In cloth \$1.25.

Christianity Reviewed by Rev. William Cheetham, published by *The Recorder*, Brockville.

The Problem of Prejudice by Mrs. Vere Campbell, published by T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster square, London.

Poems and Pastels by W. E. Hunt (known to our readers as Keppell Strange), published by William Briggs, Toronto.

A Lover in Homespun, a book of Canadian short stories by Clifford Smith of Montreal, published by William Briggs, Toronto. In this book are preserved a couple of stories by Mr. Smith that have appeared in *SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS*.

## Burns' Invincible Pluck.

"It is a mistake to suppose, as many do, that Burns was altogether given up to gallantry and carousal," writes Arthur Warren in *July Ladies' Home Journal*. "He was not, and he never pretended to be, an exemplary character. Whatever he did he did with all his energy. He was a creature of emotions and strong passions. His nature was undisciplined. The right influences for the discipline of such a character as his were but seldom around him. The influences he knew were all too severe and repressive on the one hand, or all too lax on the other. He was subject to moments of fiery enthusiasm, and to days of acute remorse. But for all that, he worked, and worked hard. He used to say that he could not conceive a more mortifying picture of human life than a man seeking work. 'Make work,' he would say, and he made it. . . . On the other hand, Burns was honestly touched by real evidences of devoted living, and especially among the poor. The old Scotch habit of family worship always appealed to him, and he would suffer no one to make sport of it. There were some recollections that were sacred to him through life, and one of these was of his father, who, as the household gathered around the ingle, would kneel, saying simply, 'Let us worship God,' and then, with patriarchal grace, read from 'the big ba-Bible.' And all this was something more than a memory, for when Robert had won wide recognition as a poet, and all Scotland was flattering him, he passed the tedious weeks of a long illness in a study of the Scriptures. While in one of his dark moods, feeling that poverty must always be before him, he said, 'But I have sturdily withstood these buffetings many a hard-labored day, and still my motto is, 'I Dare!'' Burns ever contemplated with indignation the inequality of human conditions, and the contrast between his own worldly circumstances and his intellectual rank. He expressed this thought a thousand times, in a thousand ways."

## A Great Scheme.

Truth.  
Borax (meeting friend in saloon)—Why, Sam-Jones, I thought you never drank.  
Sam-Jones—I do lately. I am told that Miss Mainprize has vowed never to marry a man who drinks.  
Borax—But I thought you were dead in love with her.  
Sam-Jones—So I am, and I have to learn to drink in order to give her a chance to convert me to temperance.

## The Sort of Love it Was.

Town Topics.  
"Do you love me?" she asked fondly.  
"Dearly," replied he.  
"Would you die for me?"  
"No, my precious one. Mine is an undying love."  
She had to make the best of this.

## Sotto Voce.

For Saturday Night.

The sunbath hath a song  
So soft and sweet,  
Mute music led along  
On fairy feet,  
And falling on the flow'r,  
With am'rous kisses,  
Things floating through the bow'r  
Harmonic bliss.

The rainbow hath a hymn,  
A hymn of hope,  
Bridging the ocean's brim  
With boundless scope,  
While shining voices seven  
Flash from its form,  
Prismatic concords riven  
From mist and storm.

The everlasting hills  
Have tongues of gold,  
Sweeter than rippling rills  
And cascades bold;  
Softer than whispering trees  
And bloating flocks,  
Deep, silent symphonies,  
Stor'd in the rocks.

ERNEST E. LEIGH.

## A Mountain Beauty.

For Saturday Night.

Sweetest of maidens! flattered and caressed  
But changelous as the boundless, changeful sea;  
Of all thy many moods that one was best  
Which turned thy heart a moment unto me.

Oh, many a one will sigh for thee in vain,  
Or thrill with joy thy smile divine to see;  
But never heart will throb with deeper pain  
Or wilder rapture, than has mine for thee.

REGINALD GOURLAY.

## The Gipsy Trail.

The white moth to the closing vine,  
The bee to the open clover,  
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood  
Ever the wild world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,  
Ever the trail held true,  
Over the world and under the world,  
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorilla camp,  
Out of the grime and the gray  
(Morning waits at the end of the world),  
Gipsy, come away.

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp,  
The red crane to her reed,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad  
By the tie of a roving breed.

Morning waits at the end of the world  
Where winds unhaltered pass,  
Nipping the flanks of their plunging ranks,  
Till the white sea-horses neigh.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,  
The buck to the stony plain,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,  
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!  
Out of a clean sea-track—  
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail  
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany pateran  
North where the blue bergs sail,  
And the bows are gray with the frozen spray,  
And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany pateran  
Sheer to the Austral Light,  
Where the beson of God is the wild west wind,  
Sweeping the sea-floors white.

Follow the Romany pateran  
West to the sinking sun,  
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift,  
And the east and the west are one.

Follow the Romany pateran  
East where the silence broods,  
By a purple wave on an oval beach  
In the hush of the Mahin woods.

The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome wood,  
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
As it was in the days of old.

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid—  
Light of my tents, be fleet!  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
And the world is all at our feet!

ROBERT KIPPLING.

## The Sleeping of the Wind.

Ladies' Home Journal.  
The great red moon was swinging  
Alow in the purple east;  
The robins had ceased from singing;  
The noise of the day had ceased;  
The golden sunset islands  
Had faded into the sky,  
And warm from the sea of silence  
A wind of sleep came by.

It came so balmy and resting  
That the treetop breathed a kiss,  
And a drowsy wood-bird, nesting,  
Chirped a wee note of bliss;  
It stole over fragrant thickets  
As soft as an owl could fly,  
And whispered to tiny crickets  
The words of a lullaby.

Then slowly the purple darkened,  
The whispering trees were still,  
And the hush of the woodland harkened  
To a crying whelp-poor-will;  
And the moon grew whiter, and by it  
The shadows lay dark and deep;  
But the fields were empty and quiet,  
For the wind had fallen asleep.

CHARLES B. GOING.

## Heave Ho!

Heave ho! the anchor over the bow,  
And off to sea go I;  
The wild wind blows and nobody knows  
That I have you always high,  
Right close in my heart I can keep you here  
In memory fond and true,  
For there'll never be one like you, my dear—  
There'll never be one like you.

Oh, ho! the billows of Biscay Bay,  
And the stars of the Southern sea!  
But the dark-haired girls may shake their curls,  
With never a look from me;  
For the thought of my love shall be ever near  
Though wide is the ocean blue,  
And there'll never be one like you, my dear—  
There'll never be one like you.

The end of the world is a weary way,  
And I know not where it lies,  
And maidens fair may smile on me there,  
And girls with laughing eyes;  
But in all the days of all the year,  
Though I wander the whole world through,  
There'll never be one like you, my dear—  
There'll never be one like you.

H. C. BUNNEL.



## Olga.

BY W. F. TRAYES OF PORT HOPE.  
Werner's Magazine.

CHARACTERS: Olga, a spy.  
Valdimir, Inspector of St. Petersburg Police.

SCENE: OLGA's handsomely furnished apartments in St. Petersburg. OLGA discovered, reading a card.

OLGA—"General Valdimir, Inspector of St. Petersburg Police." I guess his mission well; and yet powerful as he is he shall not rob me of my revenge. *This time Ivan Lotoski must not escape me.* [Enter VALDIMIR]—This is an unexpected honor, sir.

VALDIMIR—Madam had better expressed herself had she said an unwarranted intrusion.

OLGA—It is not always necessary to say such things.

VAL—True.

OLGA [with assumed frankness]—Yet, why should you be an unwelcome visitor? You have avoided me; not I you. Even when my business with your department has been of great importance, your treatment of me has been most frigid. Do you think that beneath your mask of cold politeness, I could fail to detect ill-concealed contempt? Yet I am but your agent, a humble instrument in maintaining the peace of this our beloved Russia and the safety of His Imperial Highness, the Czar.

VAL—That one so fair should be—

OLGA [bitterly]—A spy!

VAL—To be associated with plots and with intrigues, the unraveling of which brings some life to an untimely end, seems to me most horrible—most unwomanly. Do you not think so, Olga?

OLGA [boldly]—No, not I! Yes, I am a spy. Do I regret any sacrifice I have made, or heed the sneers of the petted darlings of the Court? No! I can do anything which the peace and welfare of my beloved Russia makes a necessity. I serve my country as faithfully as any soldier, and surely, General Valdimir, I am worthy of the respect of brave men. Let us be friends.

VAL [coldly]—Madam, be assured, all friends of Russia are my friends. Olga, you think I am here to fence with you, to draw some secret from you against your will, and you are planning with all your cleverness to work plot against plot and so defeat me. This is unnecessary. I will be frank with you—I need your help.

OLGA—No doubt to establish evidence against some traitor.

VAL—To assist me in aiding a suspected man to leave Russia.

OLGA [indignantly]—General Valdimir!

VAL—Nay, hear me. *[She motions him to a chair and seats herself.]* I need not ask if you can remember an incident that happened twenty years ago.

OLGA—Twenty years is a long time.

VAL—The circumstance to which I allude was much talked of at the time, but has long since been forgotten. Yet, it makes a page in the history of Russia, and the story is one you may find interesting. *[Carelessly.]* Have you ever heard of Ivan Lotoski? *[Watching her closely.]*

OLGA [aside]—Tis as I thought. *[Aloud.]* No, I have never heard that name.

VAL—Ivan Lotoski was a young captain in my regiment. Some twenty years ago he became foolishly involved in a plot against the government. His colleagues in this folly were a worthless fellow named Marsoff and his wife. Mme. Marsoff, by the way, was spoken of as being a young and very beautiful woman. Their madcap plot was discovered by the police.

OLGA—The police of Russia allow few traitors to escape them.

VAL—One night their house was surrounded by the officers, but Ivan, with a soldier's instinct, was cool in the presence of danger and suggested an escape through an unguarded trap in the roof; but, to his surprise, Marsoff, his companion, threw himself before him, and drawing his sword, cried *[rising]*: "Hold! In the name of the Czar you are my prisoner!" Madam, you are agitated.

OLGA—The story is an exciting one. Go on.

VAL—Realizing he was betrayed, Ivan rushed at his antagonist with desperate fury. Their swords clashed for a moment, and then Marsoff fell, run through the neck. Ivan made good his escape.

OLGA—But he was captured.

VAL [coldly]—You anticipate my story. He was, as you say, taken prisoner—and afterward sentenced to death.

OLGA—Yes, but he did not suffer the penalty.

VAL [bluntly]—How do you know that?

OLGA [adroitly]—Because, had he met his fate, the story would not be remarkable. It would not be the history of one man, but of hundreds. How did he escape? Tell me that.

VAL—The Czar pardoned him, or rather made his punishment that of banishment.

OLGA—But why?

VAL—What matters it?

OLGA—To me it is the most interesting part of the story.

VAL—Well, I have told you that Ivan was my friend. Once had the honor to stand between the Czar and danger. When I prayed that Ivan's punishment might be made banishment instead of death, he remembered the service I had rendered him—my prayer was not in vain. Acting upon my advice, Ivan went to England.

OLGA—Surely I am not connected with this strange story!

VAL—Hear what follows. Not long after this, an English friend, a widower, died in St. Petersburg, leaving me guardian of his daughter Alma. It was his wish that the years of her childhood should be spent under my care, but that her education should be completed in her native country. The time came—alas! too soon—when it was my duty to observe her father's last command. Alma was despatched to England; but long ere this she had wound around my heart ties stronger, more abiding, and as sacred, as a parent's love. I returned to Russia—but Russia had lost its soul. My thoughts would ever turn toward England, guided by a star—the only star that on my lonely path shed rays of brightness—my Alma. Every year I visited England and never going there without seeing Ivan. He frequently was my companion on my



"The Countess of Squeezems rides a solid gold wheel."  
"That's nothing. I ride a diamond frame."

visits to Alma. Every hour seemed to make her more beautiful, more divine, until, at last, I trembled that I might rashly tell her of my love.

OLGA [sneeringly]—You loved her, then.

VAL [rising]—Loved her? Yes, as you in your shallow soul could never love. With a love too holy, too sincere to be confessed to one who, a woman in years, was but a child to all the world outside the walls of that stately seminary. A year remained in which her education would be complete. I resolved to wait. She should travel, see something of the world and of its people, and then—I could ask her to bless me with her love. *[Bitterly.]* I waited—you shall hear for what. *[Regaining composure.]* One day a letter reached me from England. It told me that Ivan Lotoski, whose life I had saved, without asking my consent, married my little Alma—robbed me of the only treasure I valued on earth. He forgot even the respect that was due to Alma's guardian, and she, dazzled by her first suitor, was blind to everything but her love for him. I had waited for this—for this!

*[Throws himself into a chair.]*

OLGA [with contempt]—Still, you forgave him.

VAL—Yes, for her sake. Would you not have done the same, Olga?

OLGA—No! I am not of that mould.

VAL—I loved her too well to cast the slightest cloud upon her happiness. Now I will tell you how you may be of service to me.

OLGA—Well?

VAL—Ivan Lotoski has indiscreetly returned to Russia. More than this, he has already entangled himself in another political conspiracy. The plot was discovered by one of my lieutenants, who placed the matter in your hands for investigation. *[Earnestly.]* I now ask you for all the papers in your possession involving the safety of Ivan Lotoski.

OLGA—General Valdimir, you understand what you ask of me?

VAL—Perfectly.

OLGA—You know that you risk your life—

VAL—Not for the first time, madam!

OLGA—Mark the difference! You have faced the dangers of the battlefield, as a brave man should—for this I honor you; but now, for the gratification of a personal motive, you would abuse your position in the State—for this I despise you. You may have no fear of death, but think, Valdimir, can you brave the blush of shame?

VAL—The papers!

OLGA—You expect me to forget my duty to Russia and to the Emperor for the sake of a man who, even as you describe him, is a traitor to his friend and to his country—*[hissing]*—this Ivan Lotoski!

VAL—No! Not for his sake, but for the sake of the poor child, his wife!

OLGA—The general, then, must be taught his duty by the spy.

VAL—Stop! Olga, I know you—you are Mme. Marsoff. Do not deny it! I beseech you, whatever is your motive for revenge against Ivan Lotoski, resign it! It will be better for you both. Give me the papers.

OLGA—General Valdimir, I have heard your story—now you hear mine.

VAL [seating himself]—I am attentive.

OLGA—This Ivan Lotoski, now my enemy, was once my lover. I remember in my girlish day-dreams how my fancy summoned up visions of a future in which all was harmony, all truth, all love. Valdimir, you have loved, and so I need not tell you that when Ivan Lotoski became the prince of my romance and the god of my affection, the dim enchantments of my youthful imagination seemed to have become a reality, bright and glorious. No music was so sweet to my ears as the murmur of his voice, which constantly whispered protestations of true love and devotion. I would have doubted all things holy and divine rather than his constancy. Alas! I knew not the fickle heart of man. When, with scarce a sigh, he told me his love was mine no longer, I did not faint, weep, nor storm. I bade him go. He retired; but when he reached the portal, turned, as if possessed of some relapsing influence. His eye met mine and there was that in my face, I think, that turned to ice the blood within his veins. You tell me Lotoski is a brave man, and yet, in that hour he feared me, and trembling, agitated, and abashed, fled from my presence as a cur slinks from the chastening lash; and, as he vanished, within my heart I vowed revenge. This revenge became the object of my life. Within a year I married Marsoff, a political intriguer. It was my cunning that wove the web that would

have dragged Lotoski to a death of infamy. Through you, he escaped and lived to wreck your life, as he had mine. He is again in my power! Why should you, of all men, snatch him from the executioner? Listen! *[Approaching and bending over him.]* My information cannot fail to bring Lotoski to the block. Within a month your Alma will be a widow. Your breast will be the shelter where her wounded heart will find repose. Soon she will love you, and when you have married her—when your lost treasure is recovered—think of Olga, the spy, and bless her for your happiness. *[Looks at him anxiously.]*

VAL—No, I am not of that mould. *[Crosses.]* It was my love, not my honor, that I lost. Olga, you are a woman.

OLGA—Proceed, proceed! That is the way a man usually commences when he is about to say something cowardly.

VAL—Nay, I have told you the sacred story of my love in order to convince you that I do not ask of you a greater sacrifice than I, myself, would make.

OLGA—There is no power on earth can turn me from my revenge.

VAL—There is, Olga. I can!

OLGA—I understand you now to threaten me! Why do you not at once say you have it in your power to crush me?

VAL—It is not always necessary to say such things.

OLGA—I do not fear you. *[Crosses.]* I may, perhaps, be in your power. During the course of my adventurous life I may have transgressed the cruel, tyrannical laws of—

VAL—This our beloved Russia.

OLGA—If you have it in your power to send me to the block you cannot save him; for with my last breath I will proclaim Ivan Lotoski traitor.

VAL [aside]—I fear this desperation, or else my task were easy. *[Aloud:]* Let me resume my story.

OLGA—Have you not finished?

VAL—No, there is another chapter, though a short one. We left the valiant Marsoff, you will remember, on the floor of his own house, run through the neck by the sword of the impulsive Ivan. This wound would have killed many a better man, but it failed to remove Marsoff from this earthly scene. Olga, did you ever see a French spy attacked by a Russian mob?

OLGA [shudderingly]—No.

VAL—I hope you never may. It is a horrible sight. I remember once seeing a French spy killed in the streets of St. Petersburg. The unfortunate wretch protested his innocence, shrieked, and implored mercy. Prayers might as well have been addressed to the howling wind or raging sea as the angry, mad and terrible mob who tore him limb from limb. Ever when I think of it, his shriek rings in my ears, and I see the whole scene before me like a haunting, ghastly nightmare. Why, Olga, what is the matter?

OLGA—Why do you tell me this? I cannot stand it. How does it concern me?

VAL—Only in this way. Marsoff, your husband, has returned from France.

OLGA [anxiously]—How do you know that?

VAL—The police of Russia allow few traitors to escape them. He has long been suspected a French spy, and, though cleverly disguised, when to-day he ventured into St. Petersburg he was apprehended—thanks to that scar upon his neck. He made a confession.

OLGA [uneasily]—A confession!

VAL—Yes—under persuasion.

OLGA—What, you tortured him! How could you be so cruel?

VAL—I could do anything that the peace and welfare of my country makes a necessity. Need I say—

OLGA—No more, no more! I understand. You would deceive me by the imputation that Marsoff in his confession has betrayed me. I laugh at the lie before you utter it; for Marsoff loves me, and would suffer the pangs of death rather than a word of his should place his wife in danger. Even through my tears for Marsoff's suffering I laugh at you!

VAL—You misunderstand me. Marsoff, in his confession, refused to speak of you—the point was not pressed. It was not necessary, for papers found in his possession not only prove that he is a French spy, but that you are his accomplice.

OLGA—And yet you do not turn me from my purpose! You are foiled, Valdimir; you cannot save Lotoski—even in death my revenge will triumph!

VAL—Enough of this. Will you give me the

papers in your possession involving the safety of Ivan Lotoski, or shall I call at the window *[crossing over]*: "A spy, a spy—a French spy!"

OLGA—Hush, man, hush! No, not the mob—anything but that. Here are the papers *[taking them from desk]*, take them—but save me from the mob, Valdimir, save me from the mob! *[Throws herself at his feet.]*

## His Only Brief.

Strand Magazine.

"Q. C. M. P.," tells a true story infinitely full of pathos. A fortnight ago a letter reached him in the handwriting of an old college friend, telling a pitiful story of a stranded life. The writer had been called to the Bar, hoping some day to land on the judicial bench, even if he did not reach the Woolsock. He had no influence and very little money. No business came his way. But he held on through long years, patiently hoping that some day his chance would come. Now he was sick, probably unto death, and had no money to buy food or medicine. His old friend promptly sent a remittance, which was gratefully acknowledged. At the end of a fortnight it occurred to him that he would call on the sick man and see what more he might do to help him. Arrived at the address, the door was opened by a ladylike woman, still young, pretty in spite of the pinching of poverty. He gave his name and announced his errand. Whereat the lady, bursting into a passion of tears, told him he was too late. Her husband had died that morning.

"Would you like to see him?" she asked wistfully.

The two walked upstairs to a small front room. On the bed lay the body of a man about forty years of age, fully dressed in the wig and gown of a barrister. In his right hand he held a bundle of foolscap.

"What is that?" the old friend whispered.

"That," said the widow, "is the only brief he received in the course of nineteen years' waiting. He asked me to dress him thus, and put it in his hand when he was dead."

## Fruit on the Toilet Table.

Pittsburg Leader.

The very latest cosmetic is a lemon. In countries where they grow as freely as apples do in the temperate zone, this fact is appreciated, and their virtues availed of; but their admirable qualities are worthy of wider knowledge. Lemons are not so costly, even in the coldest countries, that women may not easily afford to use this tropical aid to the toilet. In the care of the complexion it is invaluable, particularly in summer, when a few drops squeezed into the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rubbed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and sunburn and whiten the skin, beside giving it a charming smoothness and softness to the touch. This should be done about three times a week, both winter and summer, and is of the greatest aid to such complexions as are afflicted with enlarged and blackened pores. These enlarged pores are due to deficient circulation of the blood and are to be greatly aided by vigorous rubbing with a coarse towel every time the face is washed.

A—I hear that you are deaf to your creditors. B.—How can it be otherwise? I'm over my ears in debt.

Quizz—I say, now, do you really believe that ignorance is bliss? Fizz—I don't know. You seem to be happy.

Clergyman—I married a deaf and dumb couple yesterday. Reporter—All right. I'll say it was a quiet wedding.

Counsel *[cross examining]*—How old are you, madam? Witness *[savagely]*—Forty-one. How old are you? You look about ninety!

Young Wife—Isn't it a pleasure, George, dear, to see mother so happily engaged?

Young Husband—Yes, dear. I always love to see your mother—knit.

Mrs. Farmer—You ought to have a good home and not be wandering around the country so. Weary Willie—Oh, dis is so sudden, num—but yer support a husband!

Brown—Here is a plan for utilizing the navies of the world in the interest of progress. Jones—What is it? Brown—It is a suggestion that the combined war ships of the world should go and bombard the icebergs which obstruct the way to the North Pole.

"Before proceeding further with this duel," said one of the principals, "I desire that the right arm of my opponent and myself be measured." This was done, and it was found that the other man's arm was two inches longer.

"Then," said the objector decisively, "you will all see how manifestly unfair it is for us to fight with swords, unless I stand two inches nearer to him than he stands to me."—*Bazar.*

## The Fury of the Storm.

BY HARRY STILLWELL EDWARDS.

[A selected reading from Sons and Fathers by Harry Stillwell Edwards. This story won the ten thousand dollar prize in the Chicago Record contest.]

"NOT a zephyr stirred the expectant elms. They lifted their arms against the starlit sky in shadowy tracery, and motionless as a forest of coral in the tideless depths of a southern sea. Nature neither sighed nor smiled; she was silent. If the streets had not at intervals echoed the prattle of childish voices, a chill would have struck to the heart, through the summer-ghost evening that had crept into winter. The cloud still rose.

"It was a cloud indeed. It stretched across the west, far into north and south, its base lost in the shadow, its upper line defined and advancing swiftly, surely flanking the city and shutting out the stars with its mighty wings.

"Far down the west the lightning began to tear the mass, but still the spell of silence remained. A vague terror grew with the cloud's soundless advance. Nature is more frightful in her silences than in her voices; there is something in the most furious seas thundering upon the rocks, in the rush and roar of the most forceful of tempests, in the lightning when at havoc, that stimulates and enthralls after the first shock. Men toss arms and shout and become a part of the tumult. The elements within them leap to the mother call.

"Not so with her silence. All within us seems to be drawn into it, and toward the absoluteness of silence, which is death. But when this strange hush is combined with terrific action, when the vast forces are so swift as to outrun sound, then, indeed, seems death armed with weapons of destruction and the chill of fear leaps forth.

"So on this night came the storm, resistless, silent. In mid-waters it was born. Where the currents of two oceans meet and the sea swims its drift in eternal circles, gathered these winds. There they fought and contended and vexed the waters in frightful carnival, as the vandals of old, preparing for eruptive war, mingled their ranks in savage conflict and mad anticipation of coming orgies.

"One day the whirling storm whitening the idle sea swung northward, spread its wings and rushed to war. Nothing checked it. Ruin marked its path!

"So came on the cloud. Now the city was half surrounded, its walls scaled. Half the stars were gone. Some of the flying battalions had even rushed past! But the elm stood changeless, immovable, asleep!

"Suddenly one vivid, crackling, tearing, deafening flash of intensest light split the gloom and the thunder leaped into the city! It awoke then! Every foundation trembled! Every tree dipped furiously. The winds burst in. What a tumult! They rushed down the parallel streets and alleys, these barbarians; they came by the intersecting ways! They fought each other frantically for the spoils of the city, struggling upward in equal conflict, carrying dust and leaves and debris. They were sucked down by the hollow square, they wept and mourned, they sobbed about doorways, they sung and cheered among the chimneys and the trembling vanes. They twisted away great tree limbs and hurled them far out into the spaces which the lightning hollowed in the night! They drove every inhabitant indoors and tugged frantically at the city's defences! They tore off shutters and lashed the housetops with the poor trees!

"Peace and the stars were gone. Fury reigned!

"The focus of the battle was the cathedral. It was the citadel. Here were wrath and frenzy and despair! The wind swept around and upward with measureless force, and at times seemed to lift the great pile from its foundations. But it was the lashing trees that deceived the eye; it stood immovable, proud, strong, while the evil ones hurled their maledictions and screamed defiance at the very door of God's own heart.

"In vain! In a far-up niche stood a weather-beaten saint—the warden. Around him the storm spent its fury in impotence. In the lightning's flare the face seemed to wear a smile of triumph! The hand of God upheld him and kept the citadel, while unseen forces swung the great bell to voice his faith and trust amid the gloom!

"Then came the deluge, huge drops, bullet-almost in fierceness, shivering each other until the street-lamps seemed set in driving fog through which the silvered missiles flashed horizontally—a storm traveling within a storm.

"But when the tempest weeps its heart is gone. Hark! 'Tis the voice of the great organ: how grand, how noble, how triumphant! One burst of melody louder than the rest breaks through the storm and mingles with the thunder's roar. The deepening tones rise under the strain and bear it away under the now chanting winds. The barbarians, as they roll their ranks into other lands, are singing the songs of the Roman defenders they could not overwhelm.

"Within the cathedral they are celebrating the birth of Christ. Without, the elements repeat the scene when the veil of the temple was rending; celebrating a birth within, the birth of a child in a manger, while at the cathedral door, the storm beating her down, with not even the shelter of a manger, lay a woman in mortal agony.

"The storm had passed. The sounds that came to the ear out of the night were from dripping eaves and trickling tendrils. The lightning still blazed vividly, but silently now, and at each flash the scene stood forth an instant as though some mighty artist was making pictures with magnesium. A tall woman, who had crouched as one under the influence of an overpowering terror near the inner door, now crept to the outer beneath the arch and looked fearfully about. She went down the few steps to the pavement. Suddenly in the transient light a face looked up into hers, from her feet; a face that seemed not human. The features were convulsed, the eyes set. With a low cry the woman slipped her arms under the figure on the pavement, lifted it as though it were that of a child and disappeared in the night."









The ceremony of unveiling the statue which has been erected to the memory of our soldiers who fell in the North-West Rebellion eleven years ago, took place with all due ceremony last Saturday in Queen's Park, the chief part being taken by His Honor the Lieut.-Governor of Ontario before some seven or eight thousand people. The figure, which we have spoken of before when the clay model was exhibited in the studio of the artist, Mr. Walter S. Allward, is mounted on a granite pedestal about ten feet in height. At each corner are the names on a brass plate of the places where the various engagements took place—Cut Knife, Batoche, Fish Creek, Duck Lake—and on the ledge just above each is a pile of cannon balls. On large brass plates on the sides are the names of those who were killed, thirty-nine in all. Around the upper part of the pedestal are the badges of the various regiments which took part in the North-West expedition, and on the front is the inscription, below which are the Dominion arms. The figure, which is cast in bronze, is nobly, simply symbolizing Canada as she stands with extended arms, one hand holding the olive branch, the face quietly majestic. It well embodies the feeling of our nation, as the closing words of the inscription fully express our thoughts, "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

Mr. Edmund M. Morris has returned from his studies abroad and will spend the summer, not idly, with his family in Muskoka. One of his latest pictures has been hung well at the Berlin exhibition, an honor which is increased by the fact that the exhibition this year is an international one. It is a low-toned Dutch interior, full of color, in dull blues and reds. Before the fireplace an old couple are seated, she holding her cup of tea while he has just risen from his seat to replace the brass kettle on the fire. The subject is pleasing and homely, and is splendidly handled.

Mr. Jules Guerin has recently carried off two prizes at the exhibition of the Chicago Society of Artists. The Mead prize of \$100 for the best water-color by a Chicago artist was awarded to his Hauling the Log; the Yerkes prize of \$200 for his best figure composition in oil, to his Gleaners. The second Yerkes prize of \$200 for the best landscape in oil was awarded to Mr. C. E. Bontwood's Rain and Tide.

Miss Harriet Ford left this week for a summer's sketching tour on and about the Island of Orleans. An important piece of decorative work will also occupy much of her time.

A very spirited sketch of a wolf's head by Mr. T. Mower Martin is on view in the Roberts' Art Gallery.

The Art Amateur tells of the working of the Chicago Art Association as "an organization of artists, teachers, and sympathizers, doing missionary work among the small towns of the center west. Collections of pictures are sent for exhibition to various places; these are principally well chosen works of Western artists, but men of wider reputation like Tarvell, Benson, the late Theodore Robinson and others are frequently represented. The Association also arranges classes, lectures on art topics, and permanent societies called art leagues throughout the country sides; the officers give their services, the entire work is carried on without money and without price, except

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small fees, which barely suffice to cover the cost of transportation and printing. Indirectly every artist in the land is benefited by these modest efforts at arousing and educating an interest in things aesthetic."

Here are a few of the translations given in the catalogue of the *salon* of the Champ de Mars: Woman to the Fire, for Femme qui se chauffe; Pot's Trades Women, for Marchandes de pots; In the Park of Oysters, for Dans les parcs aux huîtres; Aristocratic Interior, for Interieur Bourgeois; and M. Fritz Thaulow and his children, for a portrait group, the distinguished Swedish painter.

LYNN C. DOYLE.

#### Helpful Aunt Mary.

Harper's Monthly.  
There is a dear old lady who visits her nephews and nieces in New York occasionally, whom we may call Aunt Mary, and who, while expressing her appreciation of the delights of city life, finds much fault with certain phases of metropolitan existence.

"You never know your nearest neighbors," she protests. "The folks next door may be robbers, and pickpockets, and everything, for all you know."

"But if they are, we don't want to know them, auntie," returns a favorite nephew. "Fancy calling on a friend, and when you go to leave your card find that he has picked your pocket of your card-case, not to mention your watch and purse."

"And as for recognizing that a stranger exists in public, why, it's a crime," Aunt Mary will continue, warning up to her subject. "A body might break his neck here, and no one would speak to him."

"But, auntie," goes on the incorrigible, "there are so many people here we can't go around with splints and adhesive plaster and that sort of stuff in our pockets, and if we see a stranger's head wobble rush up and offer the things to him with the idea that he's just snatched off his neck."

But recently, in returning home on the train, Aunt Mary had a chance to demonstrate her theories. In the seat ahead of her was a young couple who enlisted her favorable attention. She conceived them to be newly married, and her heart warmed toward them without delay. The train soon stopped at a small station, and they left the car. She observed them on the platform outside, and just before the train started she happened to spy a pasteboard box tied up with a bit of string in the seat they had deserted. "Goodness," thought Aunt Mary, "they're so intent on each other that they've forgotten their luggage." She seized it and looked out of the open window. The girl stood by the baggage-room door, the man having apparently gone inside. Aunt Mary waved the box at her. She answered, but the clang of the engine-bell drowned out what she said. Again she waved the box; the other shook her head. The train started; Aunt Mary cast the box out violently. It struck the platform at the feet of the girl; the string broke and out rolled a half-dozen pairs of new socks, several starched cuffs and collars, a pair of suspenders and a couple of white shirts. "They've got 'em, anyhow," thought Aunt Mary, as she settled back in her seat. "Lucky I saw it. Curious how forgetful young folks can be. But—" She looked up and met the reproachful gaze of the man standing by his empty seat.

"Madam," he said, "the er—er—young lady stops at that station, but I go on to Buffalo!" "But how was a body to have known it?" says Aunt Mary, when she relates the incident.

H. C.

#### A Pretty Bad Case.

"How did you find old Gadsby?" asked a certain clubman of another.

"He was sitting on one chair, with his foot on the other; had gout enough for a centipede," was the reply.

#### Pointers From Mr. Chamberlain.

Birmingham Daily Post.  
I have the authority of a prominent Canadian who is just now in London for the statement that, in the autumn session of the Dominion Parliament, special resolutions will be moved with the object of reorganizing and considerably strengthening the auxiliary forces

there. It may also be assumed, says my informant, that on their return to Ottawa, after the Cable Conference, the Canadian delegates now in London will be given by Mr. Chamberlain certain important recommendations which the right honorable gentleman, in conjunction with the military authorities, has prepared for rendering all colonial forces more efficient.

#### A La Sherlock Holmes.

(Ting-a-ling-ling!)

"Hello!"

"Hello!"

"Who is this?"

"None yer dom bizness."

"You're a policeman."

"Be gobs, yer right; how'd you know?"

"Because I can tell by your brogue that you're Irish. You also ride a bicycle."

"How in blazes did you know that?"

"A very simple deduction; because everybody does. You'll have pneumatic tires on everything you own soon."

"Phwat the devil pit that in yer dorn head?"

"Because your wind would make anything tired. You're getting a little hot now, and are going to quit."

"You can bet yer sweet life you've hit it; but how in the worruld did you know it?"

"Two very simple deductions. The first, because it is a very warm day, and I knew you were going to quit talking because I intend ringing off. Ta, Ta."

#### An Averted Slaughter.

Bazar.

McLubberty—Will yez be after attindin' dhe wake to-morrow night, Hogan?

Hogan—Whose wake? Oi dunno.

McLubberty—Moine or O'Hoggarty's—'tis not siltled which yet. Dhe two av us will be hovin' a dissention whin oi mate him in dhe mar-r-nin'!

Hogan—Yez'll not fight?

McLubberty—Begorra, av yez observe dhe same yez'll not be able to distinguish it from a fight! 'Tis tould me thot dhe thafe has been sayin' thot oi am an A. P. A.!

Hogan—He did not! He said yez resimbled an ape—not an A. P. A. Oi heard him wid me own eyes, so oi did!

McLubberty—Bedad, is thot it?

Hogan—Yis!

McLubberty—Thin it's meself thot owes him an apology, an', begorra, oi'll be after tellin' him so in dhe mar-r-n-in'. Sure, dhe laugh is on me this toime!

#### The Reward of Industry.

Harper's Monthly.

Pat was an industrious workman, and his employer was much interested in him.

It had been a most unpleasant day—drizzling, saturating—but Pat kept faithfully at his work in the garden, and at the six o'clock hour he was about to lay down his gardening tools. He was met by his employer, who said:

"Pat, it's been a bad day."

"It has that!" replied Pat.

"You must be pretty wet, Pat," suggested the employer.

"Wet, is it?" said Pat. "Yis, I'm purty wet; but, Mr. O—, oi'm not half as wet as oi am dry!"

And Pat received his reward.

#### Ready for Anything.

Fair Patient—Is there no way of telling exactly what is the matter with me?

Doctor Emden—Only a post-mortem examination would reveal that.

Fair Patient—Then, for heaven's sake, make one. I don't see why I should be squeamish at such a time as this.

H. C.

#### Time Flies When No Man Pursueth.

The man whose work keeps him out of doors in winter must have a hearty welcome for spring. It is hard in blustery, way-below-zero weather to believe that shortly the birds will sing, the flowers be in blossom and overcoats, windy days and chilled body be things of the past. The trouble is that all too soon the weeks go by and another winter is at hand. The question of clothing is always important, and the new idea of using Fibre Chamois in ready-made clothing is bound to have immense popularity. From the standpoint of health as well as comfort it commends itself strongly, as it adds no weight and yet keeps out the rain as well as the wind, and such advantages are highly appreciated by all men.

#### A Sac State of Affairs.



Si Seed—Cynthy, dem me if I believe Sal's got all she kin wish fer in this ere expensive city house. Why, thar aint no kyarpet on th' floor, an' th' gal don't even seem ter hev rags 'nuf ter dress th' dall babies what's settin' behin' th' door.



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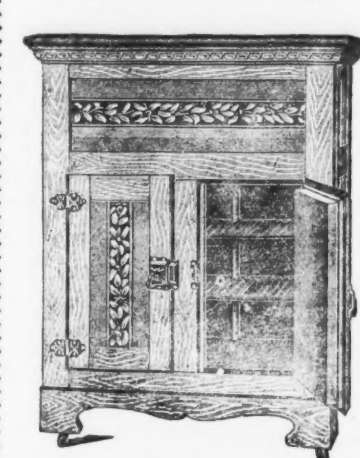
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#### So It Was!

Washington Star.

"I didn't know you were so accomplished a linguist," he remarked, as he glanced at the paper she was reading.

"I don't make any pretensions in that direction," she answered.

"But that is a Russian newspaper you have picked up."

"Why, so it is," she answered in surprise. "I thought it was a dialect story."

#### Newspapers in Paris.

London Mail.

It appears from statistics just published that there are about two thousand five hundred newspapers and periodicals printed in Paris every week, more than appear in all the rest of France. Of these, one hundred and seven are political, one hundred and nine illustrated, one hundred and eight devoted to fashions, one hundred and ninety to medicine, over two hundred to finance and sixty to sport.

The oldest of the political journals is the *Gazette de France*, founded under Louis XIII., and now in its two hundred and sixty-seventh year; but the purely advertising print, the *Petites Affiches*, is two hundred and eighty-four years old. The *Moniteur Universel* comes next in point of age, its first copy having appeared in 1789. The *Journal des Debats* is but a few months younger.

Two other papers have lived over seventy-five years, three between sixty and eighty-five years, one over fifty-five, and several close to half a

century. The *Figaro* is forty-two years old, and the *Petit Journal*, which claims the largest circulation in the world, is thirty-three. There are few of the established and well known papers that have not been in existence from ten to thirty years. The *Journal* and the *Libre Parole*, however, were founded but four years ago.

#### Men Who Court Death.

The foreign legion of the French army is a unique body of troops. It is always sent on dangerous missions or where absolute foolhardiness is required, and it has never been known to falter.

An explanation is given in the fact that many of its members are foreigners who have been forced to leave their native countries. They are utterly reckless and are anxious for death, but do not choose to commit suicide. There are political refugees of all sorts, besides men who have been dishonorably dismissed from other European armies for various crimes and misdemeanors, as well as criminals who are serving under assumed names.

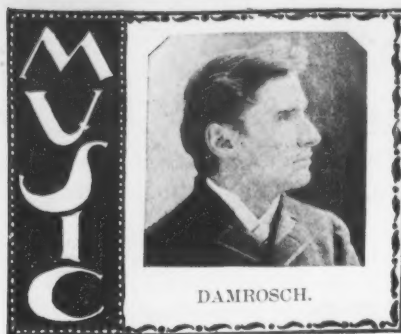
#### Proof Conclusive.

Bridget, an old family servant, sometimes jumps at conclusions. On coming up from the cellar one morning she announced to the mistress that the cat had caught two rats the night before.

Mistress—Why, Bridget, how do you know?

Bridget—Bekase, there's the hid of wan and the tail av anither down there.





The annual closing exercises of Whitby Ladies' College, which were held last week, presented much of musical interest. One of the most enjoyable and artistic events of the series of concerts given was a piano recital by Mrs. J. W. F. Harrison of Toronto. Mrs. Harrison's programme embraced the following selections:

Holberg Suite ..... Grieg  
Prelude, Sarabande, Gavotte and Musette.  
Air Rigaudon.  
Caprice ..... Paganini Schumann  
Impromptu ..... Chopin  
Nocturne ..... Chopin  
Tarentelle ..... Rittner  
Chant du Breconier ..... Rittner  
Morris Dance ..... (Henry VIII.) Edward German  
Shepherd's Dance .....  
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14 ..... Liszt  
These numbers were admirably interpreted, both technically and musically. Mrs. Harrison should be heard more frequently upon our concert platforms, as she occupies a very high position among our native pianists. Of special interest was the organ recital given by the musical director of the college, Mr. J. W. F. Harrison, the recital marking the occasion of the first public hearing of the new instrument recently erected in the music hall of the institution. Mr. Harrison's programme was as follows:

Andante and Allegro, 4th Sonata ..... Mendelssohn  
Minuet and Trio ..... Wood  
Prayer and Cradle song ..... Guilmant  
Allegro Vivace ..... Carlton Speer  
Chant du Matin ..... Boscevit  
March (Aldo) ..... Verdi  
Mr. Harrison played with much spirit and solidity of style. The new organ, which has already been described in these columns, was much admired by the large audience present. The performances of the graduates and others in a number of concerts connected with the closing exercises, call for a special word of praise. An unusually high standard of efficiency was attained this season, and much credit is due those responsible for the musical arrangements of the College for the exceptionally high average shown throughout by the young ladies who participated in the various concerts. The medal winners were as follows: Citizens' gold medal for instrumental music, Miss McCarty; gold medal, presented by Mr. J. W. F. Harrison and Mr. George Sears, Miss Fuller; silver medal for vocal music, Miss M. Pease.

The closing concert at the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last attracted an immense audience, the large auditorium of Association Hall being crowded to the doors. A programme of much merit was presented by this year's graduates of the Conservatory, the entertainment proving to be one of the most successful in the history of the institution. Hon. G. W. Allan, president of the Conservatory, presented the diplomas and medals to successful pupils and spoke in high terms of the artistic work of the staff and of the material prosperity of this prominent music school. The following pupils graduated in the various departments, namely: Piano, artist's course—Mr. Napier Durand, Miss Cassie Grandridge, Miss Alice E. B. Bull, Miss Ella Howe and Mr. Dorsey A. Chapman; piano, teacher's course—Misses Bessie B. Burgar, Ada Wagstaff, Lizzie J. Henderson, Beatrice R. Decker, Marguerite L. Hall, Ola V. Wilkinson and Lottie E. Ballah; organ—Misses Jessie Perry, May Hamilton and Emma Wells; vocal—Misses Katherine L. Ward, Gertrude Black, Frances Wright, Annie Hallworth, Mima Lund, Elda Idle, Alice McCarron and Bertha Tucker; theory—Miss Anna Downey, Mr. Leslie R. Bridgman and Miss D. Shier; elocution—Mr. C. Le Roy Kenney; elocution and physical culture—Mrs. W. J. Ross, Miss Gertrude Trotter, Blanche Lehigh and Ida Wingfield. The gold medal winners were: Piano—Mr. Napier Durand; organ—Miss Jessie Perry; vocal—Miss Katherine L. Ward; theory—Miss Anna Downey.

The closing concert in connection with the Toronto College of Music, which was given on Thursday evening of last week, proved a very successful event. The Pavilion Music Hall, in which the concert took place, was crowded to the doors by an intelligent and exceedingly well pleased audience. At the close of the concert the medals and diplomas won by the pupils in various departments of college work were presented. Among those taking part were many who are well and favorably known to the music-lovers of this city. The programme introduced the following performers: Pianists—Miss Cassie Russell, Miss Nellie Kennedy, Mrs. A. W. Austin, Miss Lillian Landell, Miss Ellen Millett, Miss Lillian Porter, Miss Ethel Husband and Miss Fannie Sullivan; vocalists—Miss Alice Burrows, Mrs. J. McGann, Miss Isabel Pettley, Miss Annie Elliott, Mr. George Taylor, Mr. J. Carnahan, Mr. James Richardson and Miss Maud Sharr. Mr. Walter Robinson of the faculty also assisted in a duet with Mr. Carnahan, and Mr. Ruth, also of the College staff, played the 'cello obligato to the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria, which was sung by Miss Elliott. The School of Elocution was represented by Miss Lillian Burns. A special feature of the concert was the work of the orchestra under Mr. Torrington's baton in several ensemble numbers. Taken all in all the concert under notice was most creditable to the College and its management.

The Berlin, Germany, correspondent of the New York Musical Courier, who attended the recent festival of the Allgemeiner Deutsche Musik Verein in Leipzig, writes concerning a number of incidental experiences during the festival, and

mentions, among other things, a recital given by pupils of the eminent piano pedagogue, Martin Krause, in which several Torontonians figured. He says: "In all this musical rush, bustle and activity I found time to attend a pupils' recital at the hospitable home of that eminent piano pedagogue, Prof. Martin Krause. . . . Mr. Welsman, from Toronto, Canada, played Bach's E minor toccata with nice tone in a clear style and technically sure. . . . Miss Mara, from Toronto, Canada, gave Liszt's 'Cantique d'Amour.' She seems an excellent performer and evinces lots of talent. Take it all in all, Professor Krause's pupils, whom I heard at this matinee, were all of them well taught, and I think I am correct in stating that he is deserving of the great reputation which he is enjoying in Leipzig as one of the first and foremost of modern pedagogues on the piano." Mr. Welsman was a former pupil of Mr. Torrington at the College of Music. Miss Mara studied for some years with Mr. H. M. Field, also of the College staff.

Mr. Philip Hale of Boston, the well known musical critic, gets off the following little drive at the musical degree fad, in a contemporary. He says: "I have received the prospectus of the American Guild of Organists, and I read therein with pleasure that 'founders may affix to their names the letters A. G. O.; fellows may affix to their names the letters F. A. G. O.; associates may affix to their names the letters A. A. G. O.' May I ask respectfully if an organist, by passing all the examinations, will be entitled to affix all the letters, as, for instance, 'Leonidas Swett, A. G. O., F. A. G. O., A. A. G. O.'? It seems to me that an organist thus decorated need not stand in awe of any church music committee and might possibly be able to keep his position for three years in succession, even if he does not agree with the soprano. And then the horrid thought suggests itself, can all the founders answer the requirements of 'Part One for Fellowship,' such as 'reading of vocal score (proper clefs), extempore playing on a short given theme, and harmonization at sight of a given melody?' Of course they should be able to do so, without the aid of a springboard or any mechanical appliance."

The Vocal Society of Buffalo claims to have originated an idea which it is thought is without precedent in the history of singing societies, namely, that of having a sermon preached to the society as a body each year, the sermon to be founded upon the work performed at the last concert of the season, at which it is the intention to render regularly a sacred oratorio or cantata. At this service the musical portion is taken by the society, in which selections from the oratorio make up the musical programme. The above happy thought can be recommended to all our musical societies. Apart from the inspiration which should attend a service in which the music is likely to be conducted on such a scale of magnitude, there is a social feature in the idea which cannot but tend to benefit the organization and knit its members more closely together in the good work in which they are engaged. At the service held in Buffalo on June 14 the music was taken from Haydn's Creation, which work was given by the society about a month previously.

Mr. F. Corder, a prominent English musician, in a recent lecture at the Royal Institution, London, Eng., on Berlioz, described that musician as an uninspired music-maker who could not even play any instrument properly. This extravagant and curious depreciation of Berlioz has brought forth several notes of protest from other English musicians, one of whom draws attention to Gounod's remarks about Berlioz in his recently published Reminiscences. Gounod states that "as soon as Halévy had corrected his exercise, he used to fly from the class-room in order to creep into some corner of the concert hall where Berlioz was playing;" and he adds that "that weird, passionate, tumultuous music opened a new world to him." The pertinent question is also asked by the same writer: "Now which gives us the truest picture of Berlioz, Gounod, who knew him and heard him play, or Mr. Corder, who never had an opportunity of doing anything of the kind?"

An enjoyable piano recital was given by private pupils of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp at the Y. W. C. Guild hall on Wednesday evening of last week. Following are the names of the pianists who took part in the programme, namely: Misses Sara Mintz, Ida C. Hughes, Edith Bayley, Flossie Easton, Carrie Saunders, H. R. Kelly and Mr. Charles Wark. The programme, which embraced standard compositions by Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, Moszkowski and others, was much appreciated by the large audience present, many of the performers being enthusiastically recalled. Vocal assistance was rendered during the evening by Miss Maggie Huston and Mr. Frank Karn. This recital marked the last appearance of Mr. Tripp as an instructor prior to his departure for Vienna, where he proposes to spend several years in study under the eminent master Leschetizky.

The Kneisel String Quartette of Boston, which is at present concertizing in Europe, has met with immense success wherever the organization has appeared. The London Musical News says of their playing: "These artists, resident in Boston, have united to form one of those parties of string quartette players which form a feature of German musical life. It is superfluous to say what advantages are gained by constant association, and we may record that never have these advantages been more triumphantly demonstrated than in the performance given by Messrs. Kneisel, Roth, Svecenski and Schroeder at St. James' Hall. Nothing more artistic has been heard in London this season. . . . We must congratulate American amateurs on having such a quartette in their midst."

The eminent American pianist, Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, who conducted the piano examinations at the Conservatory of Music last week, expressed himself in enthusiastic terms concerning the exceptionally high standard reached in this department of the Conservatory's work this season. He predicted a brilliant future for the winner of the gold medal, Mr. Napier Durand, who also, by the way, won the Gerhard-Heintzman \$50 scholarship. This

young man, for several years past a pupil of Mr. Edward Fisher, has received his entire musical education at the Conservatory, his first teacher having been Miss Sara Dallas.

The winner of the gold medal in the organ department of the Conservatory of Music in this year's competition is Miss Jessie Perry, a pupil of Mr. A. S. Vogt. This young lady will certainly be heard from in the future as an organ soloist of exceptional ability. Although a student of the organ for but three years it is well within the facts to claim for her the possession of technical ability not surpassed by any of our local professional organists. With added experience Miss Perry is certain to rank very high among Canadian organists.

The Brantford Musical festival has proven to be a financial as well as an artistic success, the total receipts having been \$1,070 and the expenditure \$903. It is proposed to make the festival a biennial event. Mr. Rogers, the conductor of the festival, has shown himself to be the right man in the right place. But for his own courage and perseverance the idea would never have been carried out. The musical success of the Samson performance was a practical demonstration of his magnetism and skill as a conductor.

Mr. W. H. Cummings has been appointed principal of the Guildhall School of Music, London, England, a position until recently held by the late Sir Joseph Barnby. The competition for the position was most keen, many of the most prominent English musicians having entered for the appointment. The selection of Mr. Cummings is a most popular one. The unsuccessful candidates were each awarded twenty guineas. The Guildhall School of Music has the largest attendance of pupils of any similar institution in the world, the number running up into the thousands.

This year's closing concert at Miss Veals' school for young ladies was one of the most artistic ever held at that prosperous institution. The piano numbers were contributed by pupils of Mr. H. M. Field, and embraced, among other exacting compositions, the Hiller F sharp minor Concerto, in which Mr. Field took the second piano part. The audience present was enthusiastic in its approval of the excellent programme presented during the evening.

It is reported by a continental journal that some cavalry bandmen were recently at one of Sarasate's concerts, after which a lively discussion took place as to the merits of the violinist. The solo cornet player, having listened for some time with a bored countenance, at last struck the table with his fist and said: "He plays very well, I do not deny it, but just put him with his violin on a horse, and then see what he could do!"

The degree of Bachelor of Music was, at the convocation ceremonies held on Saturday last at Trinity University, conferred upon Mr. Edmund Hardy and Miss Ethel Morris, pupils of the Conservatory of Music. Mr. Hardy won the gold medal, being first in the final examination for the degree mentioned.

The Bowmanville papers speak very highly of the singing of Miss Mabel DeGeer, soprano, and Mr. Adam Dockray, tenor, who took part in a concert given by the Methodist church choir in that town on June 16. Both these singers are pupils of Mr. Walter H. Robinson.

In reply to an enquiry I would state that the organ of the Metropolitan church is the largest in the city and that it contains fifty-three speaking stops. The largest organ in the Dominion is in Notre Dame church, Montreal.

At the recent closing exercises in connection with Whitby Ladies' College, the singing of one of the young ladies, Miss Edith Hill, aroused no small amount of enthusiasm among those present. This young lady, a pupil of Mrs. Bradley, is, I am informed, the possessor of an excellent voice and exceptional talent. Her friends entertain sanguine hopes of her future success as a vocalist.

Old lady—Poor fellow! I suppose your blindness is incurable. Have you ever been treated? Blind Man—Yes, mum, but not often. I ain't many as likes to be seen going into a bar-room with a blind beggar. —Hartford Times.

In the window of a little tumble-down house in a small Canadian town hung the following remarkable sign: "Washing and ironing and going out for a day's work done here." —Harper's Monthly.

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## Social and Personal.

Mrs. Will Rose of Spadina avenue entertained a few young lady friends last Friday at luncheon in honor of her sister-in-law, Miss Emma Rose, who leaves to-day with her father and mother for an extended trip abroad.

Colonel Rothes Lennox Dunbar, late of the 42nd Highlanders, Kenaber Castle, Montrose, Scotland, and Sir William Oldham Bosworth, Bart., Frith Abbey, Leicestershire, are amongst the late arrivals, the guests of their cousin, Mrs. Church, Rosedale. After enjoying a week's visit in Toronto, Niagara Falls, etc., they leave on Saturday night for New York to visit relations in the United States, returning to England in August.

Sir William Van Horne and Mr. T. G. Shaughnessy of the C. P. R. and Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson and General Manager Hays of the G. T. R. met in conference in New York this week.

Mrs. W. McKee, jr., and Miss Sparks of Dunn avenue are spending a few weeks at Bayfield, on Lake Huron.

Mr. Harris of Varsity won the tennis junior championship of Canada in the tournament on the courts of the Toronto Athletic Club on Dominion Day. It is generally conceded that Mr. Harris overplayed his opponents, and he certainly gave a fine exhibition of strong, clean and aggressive tennis. Among the other tennis events of the holiday was a match at Brampton between the Rusholme club of Toronto and the town club, which was won by Brampton.

Col. Englewood of London, Eng., is registered at the Queen's, and also Rev. James E. Pease of Norfolk, Eng.

Mr. Angus and Miss Marjory MacMurchy sail to-day by steamship Vancouver for England. Mr. MacMurchy appears for the Canadian Pacific Railway before the Privy Council in London, in Chatham vs. the C. P. R.

Miss Merrill of Belleville and Mr. Merrill, LL.B., of Detroit, who have been visiting Mrs. Denison of Church street, have gone to Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. John Dempsey of Marmora, Ont., and Dr. and Mrs. Parkin of Upper Canada College are spending their holidays at Ferndale, Muskoka.

The death of Mr. W. F. Henderson of Winnipeg removes a popular and well known business man in both Toronto and Winnipeg. This sad event occurred while he was touring in British Columbia, the remains being brought to the residence of Mr. John Henderson, 10 Selby street, for interment. Mr. Henderson was an old Toronto man but for the past ten years or more has resided in Winnipeg. He leaves three brothers—Mr. John Henderson, of the firm of Sylvester Bros. & Co., Mr. David Henderson, of Messrs. Thomson, Henderson & Bell, and Mr. Christopher Henderson; also a sister—Mrs. Sheriff of Niagara Falls.

Mr. Gerald Donaldson of New York was in the city this week and called on many of his old friends.

Mr. H. J. Small of Sacramento, Cal., paid a short visit to his sisters at his home, Spadina avenue, this week.

The West Presbyterian Church Bicycle Club was organized on Thursday evening of last week, at the residence of Mr. A. R. Williamson. Thirty-five names were placed on the roll, and the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Rev. J. A. Turnbull, LL.D.; president, Albert J. Walker; vice-president, Mrs. A. R. Williamson; captain, A. R. Williamson; first lieutenant, John Hanna; second lieutenant, Robert Greer; third lieutenant, Gordon McColl; secretary-treasurer, Miss Lottie E. Martin. The club held a very enjoyable run on Dominion Day to the residence of Mrs. Curtin at Woburn, where they were most hospitably entertained.

Mr. F. M. Paget, the English actor, who had played important roles with the Kendals and Alexander Salvini and who came to Toronto this spring to spend the summer, is returning again after a tour on the road. He has been very successful and has already been engaged for a twenty-weeks tour by Mr. and Mrs. Kronberg, vocalists, to begin on November 10.

Dr. Cook of 12 Carlton street has moved to 90 College street.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Dunnet, Miss McCannan and Miss Daisy Ashley, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Rose and Miss Rose, sail by the Vancouver on Saturday from Montreal for a holiday trip in Scotland.

In the passenger list of the steamship St. Paul, which arrived at New York on June 26, is the name of Mr. C. Hubert Carleton. Mr. Carleton is an old Toronto boy and a '93 graduate of Trinity University. He is taking a four years' honor theology course at Brasenose College, Oxford University, England. He took a three hundred dollar per annum scholarship at Christmas and was appointed Bible clerk of the college. He won first prize for the one mile race in the Brasenose College sports, and also captured first prize for the one mile race in the Intercollegiate games, Brasenose College, Oxford, vs. Clair College, Cambridge. Mr. Carleton will spend his vacation with his parents on Crawford street, and return to Oxford the latter part of September.

## Music Among the Savages.

MUSIC has been defined as the art of moving the emotions by combinations of sounds. All races, whether civilized or savage, yield to the influence of music and feel an intense craving for it. The differences between savage and civilized music are discussed in the *Looker-On* by Louis C. Elson, the musical critic of Boston. We quote from his article:

"The more civilized a people grows, the less it improvises in music. Among savages, however, almost everything which consists of poetry and of tone is an impromptu affair. When the Esquimaux welcomed Capt. Kane, they improvised a song on the words, 'Oh! Great Chieftain!' and, when the Wanyamwezi bade farewell to Stanley after his first African

tour, they improvised a song which ran, 'Oh, oh, oh! the white man is going home,' through a number of verses in which they recounted all their trials and vicissitudes. In such improvisation one finds the beginning of the improvisation which afterward came to a high development in the music of the Scriptures and in the *Skolion* of ancient Greece.

"It is a strange fact that many of the cannibal tribes are especially musical; the Maoris are one example, the Fiji Islanders another. Among the latter, songs and dances are passionately admired, and the man who invents a new melody or a new dance figure usually makes quite an amount of goods by teaching it.

"Our American Indians are not a musical race, not nearly as musical as most of the inhabitants of Central Africa, and the effort to found a school of music by employing their aboriginal songs will probably meet with failure. Dr. J. Walter Fewkes may be considered the best authority upon this branch of music. He has investigated the ceremonies of many of the tribes with a scientist's care, and has even been adopted into the Moqui tribe under the title of 'Medicine Bowl.' After a profound investigation into the music of this tribe, he finds it not conformable to our own scale, and is inclined to cast doubt upon those transcriptions of Indian melodies which have found their way into our repertoire. Even accepting these transcriptions as correct, they do not seem distinctive enough in their character to build any 'American' music upon.

"Among the most advanced of the savage tribes of the world, one may certainly place the Kaffirs. It is, therefore, not very surprising to find among them a style of music and of poetry far more developed than among any of their neighbors. . . . The melody of the Kaffir songs is of the slightest, but rhythm and accent are very effective. When many Kaffirs sing together, they sway their bodies with the rhythm of the music, and their voices ring out with the most perfect ensemble imaginable. The songs are all fortissimo, and a peculiar accentuation is added by the singers striking their ribs violently with their elbows at each note, producing an explosive effect that is more remarkable than delicate. The Kaffir also delights in violent contrasts in his vocalism, at one moment singing the highest falsetto and the next the gruffest bass, his music being full of the most astounding skips.

"Turning from these noblest specimens of the savage races to the most debased and ignorant, we shall still find music, for the Deity seems to have implanted that in all bosoms alike.

"It will be seen from the facts stated in this article that there is no race so debased but that it has the musical sense developed in some degree. It seems to be quite as natural for a man to make music as for a cat to purr. Music, in the sense that we have described it (as apart from skilled composition), belongs to the whole human race, and probably had its beginning when man first appeared.

## Maud Muller.

A BICYCLE VERSION.  
Cleveland Leader.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,  
Mounted her wheel and rode away.

Beneath her blue cap glowed a wealth  
Of large red freckles and first-rate health.

Singing, she rode, and her merry glee  
Frightened the sparrow from his tree.

But when she was several miles from town,  
Upon the hill-slope, coasting down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest  
And a sort of terror filled her breast—

A fear that she hardly dared to own,  
For what if her wheel should strike a stone!

The Judge scorching swiftly down the road—  
Just then she heard his tire explode!

He carried his wheel into the shade  
Of the apple-trees, to await the maid.

And he asked her if she would kindly loan  
Her pump to him, as he'd lost his own.

She left her wheel with a sprightly jump,  
And in less than a jiffy produced her pump.

And she blushed as she gave it, looking down  
At her feet, once hid by a trailing gown.

Then said the Judge, as he pumped away,  
"Tis very fine weather we're having to-day."

He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees;  
Of twenty-mile runs and centuries:

And Maud forgot that no trailing gown  
Was over her bloomers hanging down.

But the tire was fixed, alack-a-day!  
The Judge remounted and rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed, "Ah me!  
That I the Judge's bride might be!"

"My father should have a brand-new wheel  
Of the costliest make and the finest steel.

"And I'd give one to ma of the same design,  
So that she'd cease to borrow mine."

The Judge looked back, as he climbed the hill,  
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A prettier face and a form more fair  
I've seldom gazed at, I declare!"

"Would she were mine, and I to-day  
Could make her put those bloomers away!"

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,  
And shuddered to think how they would scold.

If he should, one of these afternoons,  
Come home with a bride in pantaloons!

He married a wife of richest dowry,  
Who had never succumbed to the bloomers' power;

Yet, off while watching the smoke wreaths curl,  
He thought of that freckled bloomer girl:

Of the way she stood there, pigeon-toed,  
While he was pumping beside the road.

She married a man who clerked in a store,  
And many children played round her door.

And then her bloomers brought her joy!  
She cut them down for her oldest boy.

But still of the Judge she often thought,  
And sighed o'er the loss that her bloomers wrought.

Or wondered if wearing them was a sin,  
And then confessed: "It might have been."

Alas for the Judge! Alas for maid!  
Dreams were their only stock in trade.

For of all wise words of tongue or pen,  
The wisest are these: "Leave pants for men!"

Ah, well! For us all hope still remains—  
For the bloomer girl and the man of brains.

And, in the hereafter, bloomers may  
Be not allowed to block the way!

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2nd Lot 75c, worth \$1.50  
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## One Hour of Freedom.

Indianapolis Journal.

"Say," said the man with the correct clothes and bowed back and horny hands of a farmer to the restaurant waiter, "have you got pig jowl and greens here? An' buttermilk? An' corn-bread? An' kin I shovel the truck in with a knife and take my coat off?"

The waiter told him he could be accommodated in all particulars.

The ex-farmer removed his coat and sat down opposite a man, who looked as if he might be willing to listen, and explained:

"It's been two year now," said he, "since we struck gas on the farm, an' I ain't had a square meal since. Been fillin' up on Charley Rusies, sootlay de allakazam, an' all them French dishes ever since. That's what comes of marryin' a woman who believes in keepin' up with the percession when you got the price, as she puts it."

"I should think you would have rebelled long ago," said the listener.

"Would, but, you see, about three year ago I was so deep in debt that I had to put the farm in her name. I sneaked away to-day an' left her at one of them fine hotels. I'm goin' to

have a orgie of old-fashioned vittles, sasprilly pop an' mebbe a beer or two, an' go back an' tell her what I've did, an' ef she wants to git a divorce she kin git it. Old Eli will hev hed his day of freedom for a few glorious hours any way!"

## Indignant Mary.

Tit-Bits.

A certain family, whose home is in the suburbs of London, have in their employ a cook, whose ways are invariably so methodical and her cooking so near perfection that, were she to leave her present home, one-half of the mistresses in the districts would be eager to secure her services. Never by any chance has dinner been late at Myrtle Villa, or the joint under or over done, neither has any policeman crossed its threshold. But treasure that she is she came near to making a change of residence at the close of her very first month's stay.

On the morning of the day upon which her wages became due, her mistress requested her to step into the study, where her master was waiting to pay her. In a few moments she rushed from the study to the kitchen, where she had left her mistress, and in less time than

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it takes to narrate had given that astonished lady notice.

"But whatever is the matter, Mary?" enquired her mistress. "What has your master said or done to annoy you?"

"He hasn't said nuthin'," replied Mary, as she flourished a cheque in her mistress's face, "but he's only given me this for a month's slavery. Not me; I ain't no ortygraph collector I ain't."

"There!" hissed the jealous Moor; "how do you feel now?" "Down in the mouth," gasped the irrepressible Desdemona from beneath her pillow. —Puck.



### Costly Dinner Plates of To-Day.

The plates that are most popular among multi-millionaires are of Minton ware. They cost \$2,720 each. A plate of plain gold costs just about the same sum. They are very handsome, as they well might be at the price. These gems for the tables of the rich have an exquisite painting in the center of each. They are painted by the celebrated Bouliniere, and the designs are taken from old miniatures. The coloring of these little pictures is simply exquisite, and every tiny detail of the face, hair and costume is worked out with the daintiest of perfection. The picture is surrounded by a lace-like pattern in raised acid gold. The edges of the plates are open work in a lace design decorated with a running pattern in gold.

Next to these in popularity come the plates of English crown Derby. These are much cheaper, costing only \$1,638 a dozen, or \$136.50 apiece. Nevertheless they are very beautiful. Each one has a gem of a painting for its center. A large number of them are miniatures painted by Le Roy. There is no other decoration on the plates, but the edges are finished by a filigree of gold. More expensive than these are the paste-on-paste plates, which cost \$150 each, or \$1,800 per dozen. These, too, are real works of art. They have a cameo decoration of exquisite delicacy. In the center of each is a design of figures with flowing drapery, done in translucent white on a medallion of pale blue. A filigree pattern in gold finishes them at the edges. This year the rage has been for delft china, as every one knows, and the shops are full of modern imitations, which are made in Holland, France and England, but of real delft there is not a scrap, outside of some few collections. Also, it is worth much more than its weight in gold. Connoisseurs will pay quite fabulous prices for a cracked bit of this beautiful old ware.

It is claimed that there is but one complete dinner set of delft now in existence, and that is comparatively modern, bearing, as it does, the date of 1816. It was made in England, and not in Holland. It is very quaint and beautiful, and is very valuable. It belongs to Mr. Joseph P. McHugh of Philadelphia. Mr. McHugh recently acquired this most desirable possession by buying it from Miss Eleanor H. Frick, in whose family it had been since its manufacture. The design represents "the beauties of America." Among the pictures which appear on the plates are the Octagon church, the Athenaeum, the State House, and the Hospital, in Boston; the Capitol at Washington, Mount Vernon on the Potomac, the Hartford Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the New York City Hall, and the Philadelphia Exchange and Library. There are a great many fine collections of plates in this city. Mr. H. W. Ranger, the landscape painter, has an old blue-and-white Dutch plate that is declared by connoisseurs to be worth \$650. He found the plate among a number of other pretty trifles while traveling in Holland, and paid twenty-five cents for it. It was only when, upon arriving in England, he showed it to a dealer, that he learned its real value. A well known editor in New York has a passion for this fine china and has a collection he glories over in secret as a miser revels in the gold in his money-bags.

Mrs. William Astor has an entire service of purest gold, consisting of thirty pieces. They are unornamented, except for the coat-of-arms and initials that appear on each. Mrs. John Jacob Astor has also a set of gold dinner dishes, but it is not so complete. It is said that the objection to gold plates is that they are easily scratched with the knife and fork. Such sets are not kept in stock by the American jewelers and if bought here must be made to order. In England they are more readily obtained. When questioned on the subject, the representative of one of New York's best firms said that gold plates would cost from \$225 up. The price would depend upon the weight and decorations. A plate of gold the size and thickness of an ordinary dinner plate would weigh much more than the china. If the plates were elaborately engraved or chased it would add much to the expense, and they might be even inlaid with precious stones or enameled. In fact, there is hardly a limit to what such plates might cost. As a matter of fact, however, the dishes of gold that are known to be in use in this city are quite plain, and were bought in England.

"Mr. Brown," said four-year-old Marjorie to the colored man who did odd jobs next door, "how can you be sure when you are clean?"

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Mr. Figg—Grass widower, I suppose.

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Tom—Why have Dick and Grace quarreled?  
Hazel—They are both learning to ride the bicycle, and last week they met each other in the park. She tried to bow to him, and he tried to raise his hat, and each blames the other for the result.—*Truth.*

Robinson—How about that note I hold of yours, Brown? I've had it so long that whiskers are beginning to grow on it. Brown—Why don't you get it shaved, then!—*Texas Siftings.*

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McDARMID—At Lindsay, on June 29, the wife of F. A. McDarmid—a son.  
GEMMEL—June 21, Mrs. W. M. Gemmel—a son.  
GORDON—June 21, Mrs. Andrew R. Gordon—a son.  
VAN NOSTRAND—Vandorf, June 30, Mrs. J. A. M. VanNostrand—a son.  
FINN—June 26, Mrs. Hugh Finn—a son.

Marriages.

BRADWIN—EASTMAN—At Riverview, Welland, the residence of the bride's mother, on June 30, by Rev. Dr. Smith of Centenary Methodist church, Hamilton, assisted by Rev. J. Parker Bell of Fenwick, Mr. Frank W. Bradwin of Hamilton to Alice Maud, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. A. Eastman of Welland.  
HAMILTON—STANLEY—June 27, William B. Hamilton to Adeline Stanley.  
BAIRD—GILBERT—At Arkislaw, Toronto Junction, by Rev. L. W. Hill, on Saturday, June 27, William A. Baird, barrister-at-law, of Toronto, to Annie, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Thos. Gilbert.  
BICKNELL—PITCHER—June 30, Alfred Bicknell to Agnes Victoria Pitcher.  
KNOTT—THURSTON—June 30, Chas. G. Knott to Rebekah Thurston.  
BAILEY—DENNE—June 30, W. J. Bailey to Elora Denne.  
CLIFTON—CRERAR—June 30, George Clifton to Jennie A. Crerar.  
DUNNE—WILLIAMS—July 1, Geo. Mackie Dunne to Susan Emily Williams.  
CLARKE—MARTIN—June 24, Oliver S. Clarke to Emily H. Martin.  
COOPER—MASSIE—June 24, John A. Cooper to Agnes M. Massie, B.A.  
PETTIGREW—FOSTER—June 24, Thomas J. Pettigrew to Minnie Foster.  
BRIDGES—METCALFE—June 25, Dr. James Whitebridge to Mabel Gertrude Metcalfe.  
WHARIN—HUNTER—June 27, Herbert J. Wharin to Maud Hunter.  
BURRAGE—ROYLE—June 24, Robert R. Burrage to Ida M. Royle.  
FERGUSON—YOUNG—June 24, Wm. Ferguson to Isabel Graham Young.  
LAMBERT—MCKEE—June 24, Arthur H. Lambert to Sadie McKee.  
MOOR—HUTCHESON—June 25, Herbert Moor to Jessie A. Hutcheson.  
COCKSHUTT—ROLLS—June 25, Harry Cockshutt to Isabelle Rolls.

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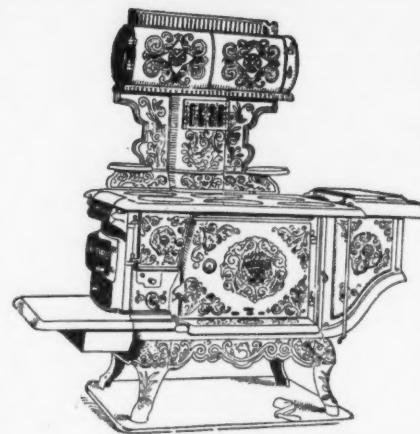
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CARD—SLADE—June 24, William Draper Card to Jennie Slade.  
MCINTOSH—COWAN—June 24, Rev. W. R. McIntosh, B.A., to Jennie Cowan.  
GOODHAND—MCINTOSH—June 24, A. A. Goodhand to Hetta McIntosh.  
SHARKEY—TAYLOR—June 27, Geo. P. Sharkey to Isabel M. Taylor.  
HAMILTON—BERTRAM—June 25, Wm. A. Hamilton to Florence Isabel Bertram.  
BENNETT—ALLAN—June 25, Sealy G. Bennett to Mary E. Allan.  
RIGBY—PATTERSON—June 30, Rev. Oswald Rigby to Ellen Patterson.  
NEWTON—GRANT—June 30, David Newton to Ethel B. Grant.  
GOWANLOCK—WALKINGTON—June 30, James Gowanlock to Janet Walkington.  
CAMPBELL—STERLING—June 24, W. Groer Campbell to Anna Lauretta Sterling.  
SIMPSON—LAWS—June 30, John Simpson to Mrs. Azile Laws.  
HAMILTON—SPRY—June 24, J. W. H. Hamilton to Charlotte Ethel Spry.  
STEWART—FRASER—June 24, Walter W. Stewart to Marguerite Fraser.

Deaths.

McCAUL—July 1, Emily A. McCaul, aged 76.

FINN—July 1, Thomas Wilfrid Finn.  
ROBINSON—Aurora, June 25, Alfred Robinson, L.B.S., aged 65.  
BURGESS—June 30, Dr. John A. Burgess, aged 35.  
CRANE—June 30, James R. Crane, aged 26.  
RODGERS—June 30, Mrs. Maria Rogers.  
ALEXANDER—June 30, Mrs. Mary McLachlan Alexander.  
DODDS—June 30, Mrs. E. Dodds.  
WALTON—June 24, Wallace Walton, aged 55.  
WOOD—June 29, Samuel R. Wood, aged 56.  
SHAW—June 29, Martha Helen Shaw.  
HENDERSON—Vancouver, B.C., June 22, William F. Henderson.  
SANDERSON—June 29, Martha Sanderson, aged 68.  
MURRAY—June 24, Wm. Hardy Murray, aged 32.  
BROWN—June 24, James Brown, aged 73.  
CURRAN—June 27, James Curran, aged 68.  
COATE—June 22, Anna M. Coate.  
ERB—Preston, June 24, Abram A. Erb, aged 68.  
SNEDELEY—Edith J. Snedley, aged 47.  
WEIR—June 24, John Weir, aged 57.  
WORKMAN—June 24, William Workman, aged 68.  
WHITE—June 25, Robert Draycott White.  
STODDART—July 1, Sarah McConkey Stoddart, aged 58.  
PRINCE—Hartford, Conn., June 30, Elizabeth Webb Prince.  
MILLER—July 2, John R. Miller.